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Torchbearers in China



BASIL MATHEWS
and
ARTHUR E. SOUTHON



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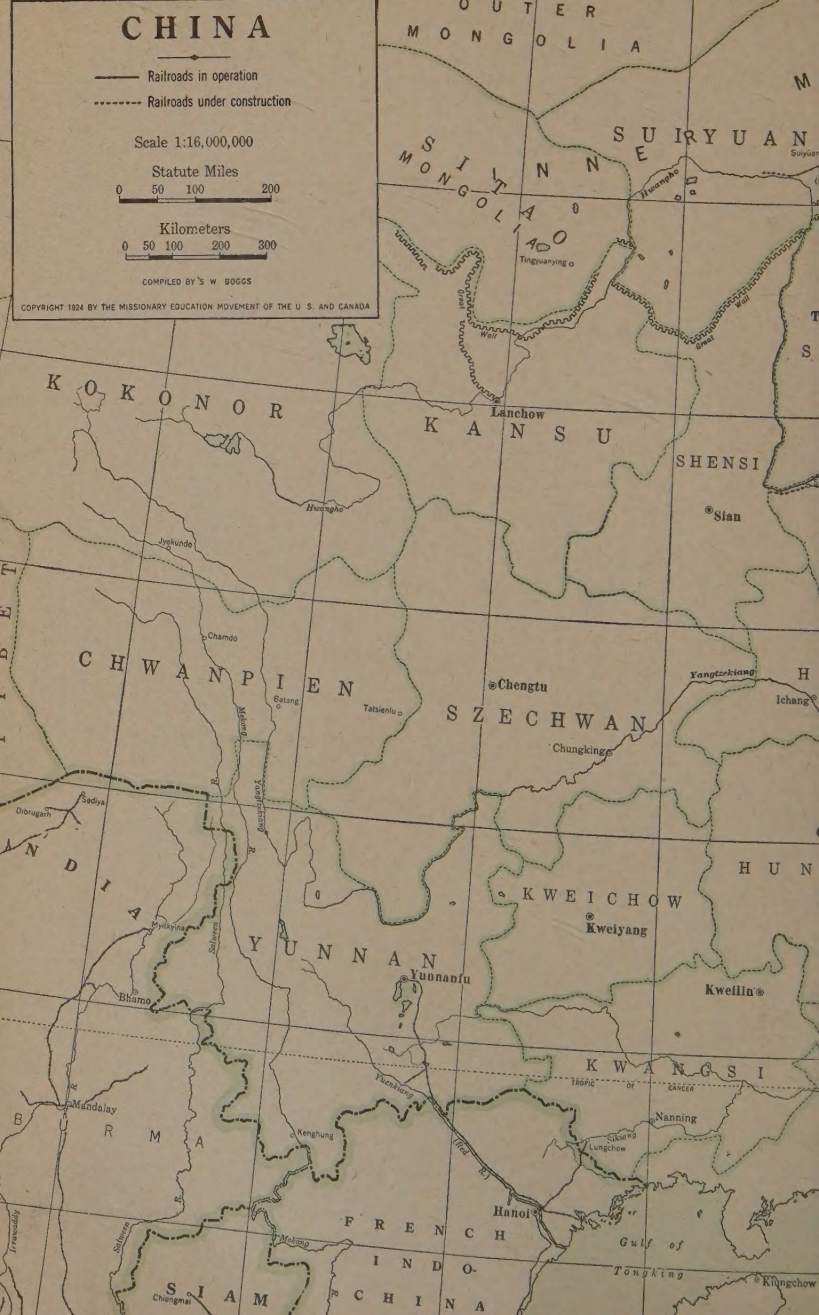
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J E H O L

F E N G T I E N

Moukden

M A N C H U R I A

S E A O F

J A P A N

Peking

CHINGCHAO

Tientsin

Gulf of Pechili

Strait of Pechili

Dairen

Port Arthur

Chefoo

Weihaiwei

Wonsan

(Gensan)

Seoul

S H A N T U N G

Y E L L O W S E A

A N H W E I

K I A N G S U

Nanking

Wushu

Soochow

Shanghai

E A S T C H I N A

S E A

P A C I F

C H E K I A N G

Hangchow

Ningpo

Wenchow

F U K I E N

FORMOSA STRAIT

Foochow

Amoy

Taihou

TAIWAN (FORMOSA)

Tainan

CHONGCHOW

Swatow

C H I N A

C H I N A

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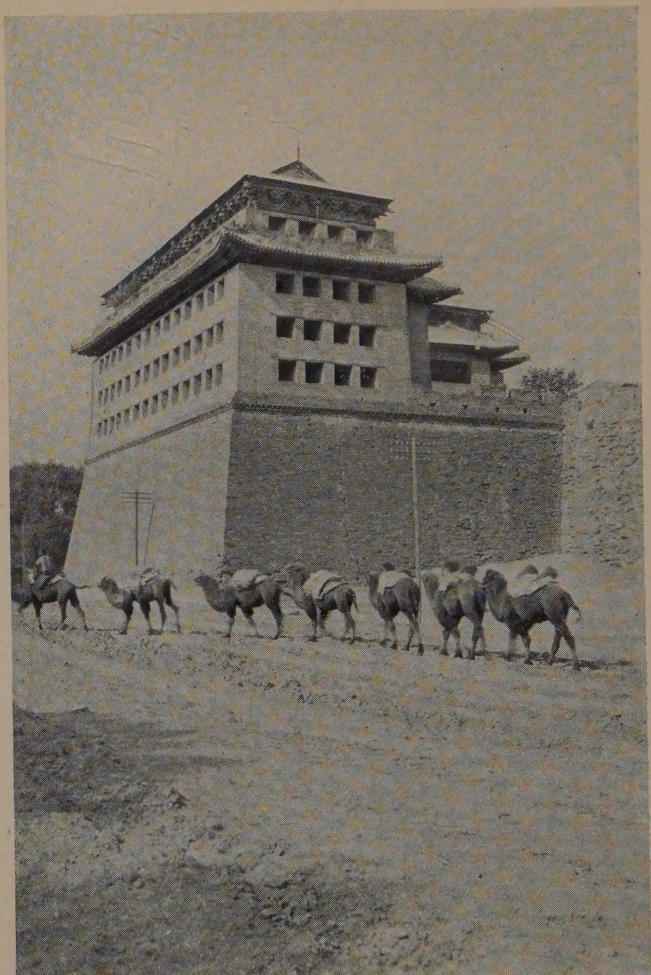
INDO-CHINA

SIAM

CHINA

TAIWAN (FORMOSA)

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



© Asia

A CAMEL TRAIN

The animals had come with their steel-cable muscles and leather-padded feet over blistering, burning sands and snow-covered mountain passes for month after month from the land of the setting sun.

—Chapter I

TORCHBEARERS IN CHINA

By Basil Mathews

Author of *Livingstone the Pathfinder; Paul
the Dauntless; Argonauts of Faith; etc.*

and

Arthur E. Southon

Author of *A Yellow Napoleon; More Yarns
on China; The Whispering Bush; etc.*

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A PRONUNCIATION LIST

The Chinese language makes use of many sounds which never occur in English, and which cannot be accurately indicated by our Roman letters. For this reason the following list of those words which the reader meets most frequently in this book can only give some hints for pronunciation. In reading the phonetic spellings, these rules of pronunciation should be observed: *ä* as in "father"; two vowels together as a diphthong; syllables ending in *ow* as in "how"; *u* as in "hump."

Batang	Bä-täng
Chaotung	Jow-doong
Ching Ching-yi	Chung Jing-ee
Cheng Ting Chiah	Jung Ding Jiah
Feng yu Hsiang	Fung yue-sheang
Lama	Lä mä
Lhasa	Lä sä
Lao-tzu	Läow-dz
Macao	Mä cow
Miao	Meouw
Siao Chia Tien	Siao Jia Dien
Shansi	Shän-see
Shensi	Shěn-see
Shi-shou	She-show
Szechwan	S-s-s chwän
yamen	yä-mun
Yangtze-kiang	Yäng dz jiang
Zung wei Tsung	Zung way Dzäong

Torchbearers in China

PROLOGUE

The Brigands and the Boys

THE morning sun shone through the windows of a school, lighting up the dark heads of the Chinese boys at their desks. Their young faces and almond eyes were turned toward their teacher, who was drawing on a blackboard a simple outline map showing that province of China to which they belonged. He put a big white spot of chalk for the town where they were living. Then he drew the river that ran near by and showed how it flowed eastward for hundreds and hundreds of miles, till, at long last, it poured out its tremendous waters into the Pacific Ocean.

The boys opened their eyes and sat still and fascinated as the teacher showed them something of the wonder of the land in which they lived. Through his eyes, they saw right across their glorious country from the two thousand miles of coast line on the east to the mountains, over twenty thousand feet high, that buttress Tibet on the west.

The deep blue China sea he described, with its

flat-keeled, square-sailed, cheery, chubby junks sailing stodgily along, each with a large round eye painted on the high prow so that the boat might see her way. They could almost hear the creak of the bamboo ropes as the great mat-sail swung in the breeze and the crew looked astern to watch their boat being raced by an ugly American tramp-steamer:

With a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the channel.

Then the boys followed the story of the junk as it sailed out of the clear blue of the open sea into the tawny ochre of the water that poured from the mouth of the Yangtze River. In imagination they, too, sailed up the Great River; saw vast cities where hundreds of thousands of Chinese live; saw the long wharves lined with warehouses, the offices of merchant princes, the hotels, and the slums. Imagination led the junk past green paddy-fields where the rice plants come shining out of the mud. The boys laughed about the sleepy, heavy buffaloes working the water-wheels that irrigate the fields; admired the bamboos fifty to seventy feet high, with tips like ostrich feathers; wondered at the wide-sprawling shady banyan tree that covers half a red-tiled village in its spread, the tall wooden

NOTE: The incident here described happened in 1923 in the province of Hupeh.

tower of the pagoda with its lovely curves and dragons, and the rich, green slopes of the great tea plantations in which girls were busily plucking the leaves.

Through their teacher's eyes the boys saw the whole busy life of China, with its farmers hoeing and digging from dawn to dark, its fishermen drawing their nets through the waters of a hundred rivers and streams, its mothers and daughters spinning the flax and the silk as they gossip by their little homes, its tailors and cobblers, brass workers and tinsmiths, traveling merchants and students—the most populous people in the world.

These Chinese schoolboys grew very proud of their land as they listened. And they had a right to be proud, for it is a land, they discovered, in which there were learned men and palaces, great cities and books two thousand years ago—in the days when the white man was painted with blue woad and was wearing the skins of animals he hunted—and which sometimes hunted him—in Britain and Europe. The Chinese could print beautifully five hundred years before the West even began to print; and they invented the mariner's compass five centuries before the great traveler Marco Polo borrowed the idea from them for the West.

Indeed, the boys learned that one of the wisest sages ever born, Confucius,¹ had taught high moral

¹ Confucius 551-487 B.C.

precepts to China nearly two thousand years ago. And six hundred years before Christ, when Nebuchadnezzar was feasting in Babylon, another great Chinese sage, Lao-tzu, taught noble wisdom and loving-kindness like that afterward taught by Jesus. Moreover, the Chinese had built a wall fifteen hundred miles long which would stretch across Europe; they began to build it two hundred years before Christ, and it took over a thousand years to complete.

The boys saw that the land in which they live is a country where a single province like Szechwan is a table-land as big as France, while the smallest of the eighteen provinces, Chekiang, is larger than Ireland. And this is not all; there are enormous dependencies—Tibet, Mongolia, and Manchuria. The very rivers of the land baffle the imagination and rival even the Mississippi, for steamers can navigate the Yangtze-kiang for a thousand miles from its mouth, and the Grand Canal is over nine hundred miles long. The men and women and boys and girls of China number more than the people of all Western Europe, Africa, and America combined; and they are people with brain and energy.

All this the boys were learning from their teacher. But suddenly the lesson was stopped. There was a shouting in the street outside the school; running footsteps were heard.

“Bang!”—a gun had been fired. “Bang! bang!”

a bullet, two bullets crashed through the school window and "pinged" in ricochet from the walls to the ceiling. Every boy dropped to the floor and lay there under his desk to get out of the range of the bullets which were singing over their heads.

"Bandits!" whispered one boy to another. Two rival bands of brigands had met and were fighting in the street outside the school. Not a boy in the school, however, was surprised at this firing. Each one knew that not only in his province, but even to a greater extent in many of the other provinces of China, the bandits are today roaming about, killing, torturing, robbing, imprisoning, demanding ransom, and even holding up railway trains and carrying passengers off into the hills as their booty.

At length the firing worked away down the street and then ceased. The boys stood up, and their teacher stood up—and they looked at one another.

The same thought came into their minds. China—this wonderful land with its indescribably great possibilities—broken, divided, ravaged by brigands who rob a poor peasant of his crops or a poor coolie of his earnings, drag a white woman off to the hills to hold her for ransom, and force the peasants to grow opium and then seize and sell it for themselves. And the brigands, they knew, are soldiers whom the government has failed to pay and because of this they have taken to looting in order to make a living.

Why are they not stopped and locked up in prison? The thought came irresistibly. Surely the government would do that in any civilized land; and China was civilized two thousand years ago. Why has China, the boys wondered, after the thousands of years of her civilization, no government that can command order ten miles from the gates of its *yamen* in Peking?

"What is the matter with China?" they asked one another.

"What will make China one again and strong?" is the question that they, like thousands of young students in China, are asking.

"China must break a new trail," thought one to himself.

"Yes; but what new trail and how?" came the further question.

Neither the boys in that school nor any men anywhere knew the full answer to that question. But we know the first steps on the way to the answer. Indeed, this book is made up altogether of true narratives of men and women who have believed and do believe so fully in China, and who have loved and do love her so much, and who are so sure that they know how she can be saved, that they have laid down their very lives to carry the Torch of new light to her and to help her to break the fresh trail to a future that shall be so glorious that it will dim even the splendors of her long and wonderful past.

I

THE RACE OF HERO-SPIRITS

A MAN in a boat was sailing a wild, gray sea nearly thirteen hundred years ago. Behind him lay the brown-gray walls of the place where he had lived for years on the rock-bound island of Iona. A strange call had come to him.

In the monastery where he had lived, a boy prince named Oswald had been a student. Now the boy prince had gone to his own land of Northumbria and had become the new young king. Directly he was on the throne he thought, "I should like my rough, wild people to know the Truth that was taught to me at Iona."

So King Oswald sent to Iona for someone to teach his people, and the man in the boat was answering the call. His name was Aidan.

The waves slapped and buffeted the little ship and the rocks threatened to wreck the fragile bark unless the helmsman, standing in the stern with his steering-oar, could find and keep to a channel that would lead the boat safely through the Inner Hebrides and at last to land. Aidan did find a way, however, and, sailing into a bay, drove the bow of the boat on to the coarse shingle and leaped ashore.

As he made his way down the valleys and over

the hills that led him from the shores on the west of Scotland to the kingdom of Oswald in Northumbria, Aidan came face to face with shaggy savages covered with skins and armed with spears, clubs, and rough shields. They were out on a foray, lurking and slinking through the heather and gorse and bracken to raid the huts of another tribe.

This was, he found, their usual way of living. War was their pastime. In the sacred groves they burned sacrifices to their dread god of war. Their stormy-voiced poets chanted rough, rhythmic verse in praise of the tribal fighting heroes of past days.

Aidan went in among these fierce, wild-eyed, yet simple Picts and said to them words like these:

"I bring you a new teaching. It tells of a God Who is not a little god of one tribe or people, but a God of all men; a God not of war, but of peace; a Father-God Who sent to us men his Son Jesus Christ to teach us about Himself and how to live."

The wild-eyed, shaggy warriors and their boys playing with spears could not, at first, understand much of this teaching; but Aidan stayed on with them, and other teachers came, and at length the people of all that kingdom became followers of Christ. And Aidan, who built on the rocky island of Lindisfarne on the east coast of Britain a monastery like that at Iona on the west coast, died full of years and honored by all the people.

In the very same year¹ that Aidan landed in Northumberland, it happened that nearly ten thousand miles away the late afternoon sun was casting, on the long trail that came out of the west into China, the lengthening, twisted shadows of the grotesque swinging legs of a caravan of tired camels. The tawny animals turned in at the gate through the high, thick mud walls of a city. Grunting and grumbling, the camels lay down, while the camel-men took off their packs. The animals had come with their steel-cable muscles and leather-padded feet over blistering, burning sands and snow-covered mountain passes for month after month from the land of the setting sun—even from the upper waters of the Tigris and Euphrates—over the vast steppes of Central Asia and now, in China, were at their journey's end.

Among the travelers in that caravan was a swarthy, dark-haired, bearded man in the long robes of an Eastern priest. His name was Olopun.

The days passed, and Olopun, who had traveled from the land of the Chaldeans in northern Mesopotamia, was led into the palace of the Emperor T'ai Tsung himself.

"I have come," he said, "to teach a new faith to the people, a religion that teaches of one God above all and of a great Teacher, Yesu, Who brought men the true knowledge about God."

The Emperor T'ai Tsung, seated upon his royal

¹ A.D. 635.

throne of reception in the Hall of Audience, listened; and, being a man who wished that his people might hear from the West as well as from the East, he told Olopun that he would let him, and those who came after him, teach this truth to the people.

Nine hundred years came and passed. The teaching of Olopun and his fellow Nestorians, as they were called, and of others had swiftly carried its way into the lives of many Chinese people; but the roots were not deep.¹ A new line of fierce, proud, intolerant emperors came to the throne of China, and they led the Chinese to detest all "foreign devils," with their religion and their unfamiliar customs.

So the great giant of China, in his stupendous castle ringed round on two sides with the moat of the sea and on the other sides with the terrible ramparts of the mountains and the Great Wall, bolted and barred his gates against the world. He would not listen or answer when any new men or new ideas or fresh teaching knocked upon his closed doors.

Francis Xavier, who had gone with the flame of a fiery crusade of preaching and had won astounding victories for Christianity in India, the East Indies, and Japan, dreamed of opening these closed

¹ The record is inscribed on a wonderful black marble tablet found deeply buried near Sian in the province of Shensi.



TRACKING ON THE YANGTZE

The long line of coolies on the bank tugged and strained at the creaking bamboo rope. At the other end of the rope a heavy teak-built house-boat jibbed like a frightened horse. —*Chapter II*



DR. POLLARD AND THE MIAOS

The ancestors of the Miao people came into Southwest China from Indo-China centuries ago and built their thatched huts high up in the hills. . . . Pollard went in and out among them with a singing heart.

gates. He sailed to the island of Chang-cheven¹ (St. John), from the beach of which he could, with straining eyes, just see the shore of China.

"I will sail over in a junk by night," he said, "and land under cover of the darkness."

"You will be cast into prison," replied his friends.

"So were Paul and Silas," he answered, "when they crossed the water into Philippi. They were beaten, too; but out of it all came wonderful things. So I will go."

As he waited for the junk to come, a raging fever smote him. He went down, nevertheless, to the beach. The bleak, biting winds of a terrible winter gale raged on his fever-burning body.

"Wider!" he shouted in his delirium. "Farther!" The two words spoke the burning passion of his life—to carry the Torch farther and farther, over wider and wider lands.

The gale and the fever abated together; but so did the strength of the man—and on that beach, in sight of the land he could never enter, Xavier died.

"O mighty fortress," cried Xavier's successor, Valignani, as he stood on the beach of the island of Macao looking over to the shore of China, "when shall these impenetrable gates of thine be broken through!" The breach was made more swiftly

¹ About 125 miles south of Canton.

than he had dreamed. A young monk, Matteo Ricci, only twenty-seven years old, with an older man, Father Michael Roger, got into China by lying. As they stood before the Viceroy in his semi-royal magnificence, asking for an entrance, Father Roger said that he was the Bishop. A man with them declared, "I am the Governor of Macao,"—the Portuguese island off the Chinese coast. Both of these statements were untrue.

The strange adventures that these men went through and the successes they won were spoiled by the falsehoods they told and the deceits they not only practised, but taught.

"You need not change your old habits of religion," said Matteo Ricci to the Chinese. "You can worship toward the old ancestral tablets if you hide a crucifix in among the flowers."

They held the Torch and it was truly alight; but the murk and smoke of it were greater than the light or the heat.

Then persecution broke out. When the horrors of burning and beheading, of being skinned alive and buried alive, were held over the Chinese Christians again and again, an uncounted army of martyrs gave up their lives for the Faith and held the Torch aloft, never letting it drop while life was in them.

At last there came the dawn of a new day. And it came, strangely enough, yet with how fine a fit-

ness, from the shore where, nearly twelve centuries earlier, Aidan had landed.

On a foggy April day in 1807, a young man was sitting in the cabin of a sailing vessel on the Atlantic, a few miles from New York harbor. He was the son of a Northumbrian farm-laborer of Scottish birth, who went into Newcastle-on-Tyne to start business as a maker of boot-lasts and trees. Robert Morrison was from England; he wanted to go to China. Why, then, did he go by way of New York? The fact is, he could not sail direct from England because the East India Company, which then controlled British interests in China, would have no missionaries there. He was to sail, therefore, from America under American protection.

It was a thing no Englishman had ever done—to go to China as a missionary. Morrison was a trail-breaker; he was the first on a new track.

Morrison's ship tacked to and fro in the fog, trying to catch sight of land. They had already been three months crossing the Atlantic. Suddenly a ghostly ship's hull and sails appeared out of the fog. Collision seemed certain. But the helm was put about and, though the ships almost scraped each other, they cleared without a crash.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a sailor aboard Morrison's boat.

The fog blanketed the reply; all that could be heard was the word "China!" "China!" The word

stung Morrison like a whipcord lash. He sprang to his feet and dashed up the companionway to the deck.

"She is bound for China," said one of the crew to Morrison. "At least, it seems so."

Then, as though some vast curtain had been drawn back, the fog vanished. There was the unknown vessel. She had gone over on to the other tack. She was from China—not going to China. Morrison's heart leaped up; here was a ship of the China trade coming into New York. In a few weeks she would sail again.

A short time later Robert Morrison stepped into the office of an American merchant in New York who owned many of the ships that then sailed from America on the long trail round Cape Horn and across the Pacific Ocean to China. The man was ready to take this curious passenger aboard one of his ships, but he was more than a little contemptuous of the youth. "He spoke," says a man who was present at the interview, "with a sardonic grin" and "an air of suppressed ridicule."

"So, Mr. Morrison," he said, "you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the Chinese Empire?"

Here was one lone, young man planning to face a fifth of the world's population; it was no wonder that the American merchant smiled condescendingly at the young enthusiast. He received, however, an answer that he did not expect and that

made him think again. Morrison threw up his shaggy head. His full, dark eyes flashed from under his beetling eyebrows. His firm mouth was stern.

"No, sir," he replied, "I do not; but I expect God will."

So he sailed on the long, stormy sea trail of over ten thousand miles—first south to Cape Horn, then west, till at last, as the sun set on the seventh of September, 1807, behind the high hills that shield Canton, throwing into black silhouette the old wall, with its grim watch towers and the two tall pagodas, Robert Morrison's ship cast anchor in the harbor.

A myriad of sparkling lights flickered in the vast city; thousands more shone aboard the unnumbered house-boats, where families lived all the year round on the water. The fathers and sons on the house-boats were at their evening worship, bowing down, touching the deck with their foreheads, kow-towing, as they burned little chips of incense-wood to the boat-idols.

As Robert Morrison leaned on the taffrail that night and gazed at China, a great and overwhelming loneliness came upon him. He remembered that this great city was only one place in one small corner of an empire almost as vast as Europe and immensely more populous,—an empire that was satisfied with itself, that called itself the Middle Kingdom because it was the center of the world,

the Celestial Kingdom, the Dawn Land, the Flowery Kingdom; an empire in which Robert Morrison was "*fankwei*," an unwanted "foreign devil," an "ocean demon." This was a land where he did not know a soul—nay, a land to which even his fellow Englishmen of the East India Company had refused to give him a passage in their ships because they did not want him.

Was ever any man in all the story of men more lonely, more unwanted? Did ever any young man face a task so stupendous, so impossible? The vast horizons of Polar ice swept by blasting blizzards are not more forbidding and terrible than was the freezing hostility which faced Morrison that night outside Canton.

Then he remembered the place where he was born—the rocky-cliffed Northumberland, where, twelve centuries earlier, the wild, fighting, plundering Picts had heard with wondering ears the story of Christ from the lips of the daring missionary Aidan. The light that Aidan quickened from his Torch in that land had never gone out and had spread far and wide through the world. It must not suffer eclipse.

So Robert Morrison took heart and hope and a new determination. Next day he went ashore.

The American Consul befriended him; so did a few Englishmen. But the Chinese Government threatened with a terrible death anyone who taught him the Chinese language. However, two Chinese

were found who would teach Morrison secretly. They were Christians—converts of the Roman Catholic Church—who knew the horrible tortures that they would suffer if they were found out. Indeed, one, if not each of them, carried a little packet of deadly poison hidden in his robe, so that if he were captured and taken to prison, he could end his life with the poison and so escape the lingering agonies of a Chinese torture chamber.

He lived in a broken-down, old warehouse,—a “go-down,” as they call it,—the roof of which one day came down with a crash. Here he ate, slept, and toiled, day and night.

Morrison had in his box a manuscript of a mysterious book—a book, indeed, of which the mystery has never been fully explained. He had been so intensely keen on learning Chinese before sailing from England that he had found a Chinese to teach him, and they had worked together for months in the British Museum. There in that great library was a strange manuscript—a translation into Chinese of the New Testament as far as the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. No one knows who made the translation. It was some earlier trail-breaker, whose name is unknown, but whose work is immortal. It may well have been one of those earlier men who laid down their lives in China. We can imagine him translating slowly into Chinese with infinite care those words on the last page of his manuscript:

Are they not ministering spirits
Sent forth to do service?

and then dropping the brush and the Chinese ink from his hand forever, leaving the work to be carried on by others.

Morrison had worked away day after day, week after week, copying that wonder-discovery and had packed it as his choicest treasure when he sailed from England. Now it was with him in Canton. So in his draughty, smelly, wobegone Chinese "go-down," often with his head swimming with fever and his eyes heavy with sleep, Morrison went on and on, working at the remaining books of the New Testament.

The hate of the Chinese Government for the "foreign devils" drove him from Canton to Macao, which is Portuguese territory; but the jealousy of the Roman Catholics drove him from there. Suddenly, to his amazement, the East India Company, which had refused to give him passage to China from England, now actually offered him—only two years later—a splendid post as their chief translator in China! Whereupon, the Emperor of China made a law that anyone who printed a book on the Christian religion should have his head cut off.

But this did not stop Morrison. Soon his printed translations found their way along unexpected and sometimes astonishing trails. In the baskets of traveling pedlers and in the luggage of

merchants they went into the heart of China where no white man had ever been or could, in those days, go. One man, so desperately evil that even his own friends had given him up as a hopeless beast, changed his whole way of life after reading a short pamphlet written by Morrison in Chinese, which he chanced to pick up from a table.

We love to read of adventures of daring men who meet wild events among brigands or who blaze new trails in the face of savages with clubs and spears. It sounds to us disastrously dull to hear of a man sitting at a table day after day, week after week, year after year, with a brush in his hand, painting Chinese characters as he painfully translates a book. It is worse still if he is a man who made those objects of our dislike and derision—a grammar and a dictionary!

But we let ourselves be blinded to one of the most wonderful heroisms in all the world if, because his work seems dull, we shut our eyes to the amazing fortitude of this man. With the threat of being beheaded upon him, with the sight of Chinese gentlemen holding their noses in their sleeves as he passed,—to indicate that the “foreign devil” stank in their nostrils,—Morrison built the first grammar and the first dictionary of the most difficult language in the world by toiling terribly for years.

When he died, he had twelve converts only. His friend Dr. Milne said that by the end of the nine-

teenth century he expected there would be a thousand Christians. But Morrison had builded better than even he knew. All that has been done ever since in a century and more has been built on the solid foundation that Morrison laid with his "slogging" scholar brain in the broken old "go-down" and in the East India Company's office in Canton. Other men came who built so well on the foundation of that grammar and dictionary and Chinese Bible that at the end of the century there were not simply one thousand, but over two hundred thousand Chinese Christians.

The splendid story of the Torchbearers who followed Morrison would easily fill a hundred books as large as this. There was Dr. Gutzlaff from Europe, that strange, adventurous surgeon who, in Chinese dress and with an almost foolhardy daring, sailed up and down the Chinese coast in ill-smelling junks. He was stoned by mobs, tormented by the police, dragged before magistrates, and, in an off-moment, wrote a pamphlet that changed the history of the greatest continent in the world—the pamphlet that made the youth, David Livingstone, decide to be, like Gutzlaff, and like their Master, Christ, "a physician and a missionary." There were editors like Dr. Bridgman of the American Board who worked like a giant among printing machines and ink and reams of paper. There was that great doctor, Peter Parker,

who—in his own fine phrase—“opened China at the point of a lancet,” built a noble hospital in Canton, and founded the great, solid work of healing missionary service in China.

So we could carry on the splendid scroll of heroes till at the end of the hundred years from the coming of Morrison a noble army of over two hundred thousand Chinese had caught the light of the flame of the hero spirits who “pass the torch from hand to hand.”

Suddenly across the Christian trail there straddled a horrible and gigantic enemy. The fury of the hate of the “foreign devil” created a giant Apollyon who laid about him with his sword to bring the pilgrim Christian to his knees.

Men swaggering through the land with enormous swords, and having broad scarlet sashes round them, surged across North China to hound the foreigner to death. These fierce and cruel beasts of prey were called Boxers. They believed that they were charmed and that no bullet could hurt them.

The Boxer movement grew out of the fear on the part of many Chinese that the foreigners were gaining control of their country. Since the white missionaries were foreign, the Boxers marked them for death as well as other Westerners. And as the Chinese Christians were the friends of the “foreign devil,” they must either swear they would be Christians no longer—or die.

Like wild beasts the missionaries were hunted over the mountain sides and driven into swamps. They were made to kneel down—men and women, boys and girls, American and British and European—and bend their necks. Then the sword of the Boxer executioner flashed, and the mother or father or child was beheaded. One hundred and eighty-eight missionaries—fathers, mothers, and children—were martyred in that year, 1900.

This book could be filled with the separate stories of that "cruel, killing time." The story, for instance, of two schoolboys, aged thirteen and fourteen, who, standing before a fierce, brutal Boxer captain and his mob, all armed with their terrible swords, boldly said, when cross-examined, "Yes, we believe in Jesus." And when they refused to burn incense-sticks before the ancestral tablets, their heads were cut off.

The story, again, of the girl who ran to escape, with her Bible under her arm, and crept into a field of tall millet. She heard, coming nearer and nearer, the terrible "swish, swish" of the Boxers' swords, cutting the stalks down to find where she had hidden. At last they found her.

"Are you not afraid to die?" asked the bullying leader of the Boxers.

She actually smiled as she replied, "No, I am not."

The sword flashed; and death had reaped the little life.

There is the story of the schoolgirl, Pu T'ao, at her school in Tai Yuen Hsien, who was all excitement because she was leaving that day to go into the mountains to her village home for the holidays. There at home she would find father and mother, elder sister and the little baby brother whom she loved.

That very day, the twenty-ninth of June, 1900, there came to her ears perhaps the most awful sound in the world—the roaring of an angry, howling mob thirsting for blood. Then great stones crashed through the windows of the mission buildings and battered like hell-drums on the doors. The mob rushed closer and hammered furiously on the gates and the doors. The women-teachers hurried their girls into the safest place in the school. Then the mob brought fire, and quickly the crackling of flames and the roar and heat of the fire were upon them.

There was no alternative but flight. They crept quietly out in the darkness, the twelve girls and the missionaries. Two girls could not run very fast; they stumbled over an obstacle and fell to the ground. One of their teachers, Miss Coombes, ran back to help. The mob now discovered them. An avalanche of stones and great sticks was hurled at them. Miss Coombes stood between the stones and the girls. The mob rushed at the white woman, dragged her away, and, lifting her up, flung her headlong upon a heap of the burning ruin

of the school. She staggered to her feet, all burnt, and started to run to the girls. The Boxers caught hold of her again and once more hurled her upon the flames. Again and yet again she rose; but when, for the last time they threw her back on the fire, they flung upon her poor, bruised and burnt body barks of timber to hold her down in the flames till she died.

Meanwhile, Pu T'ao and four of her school friends had got away, but they lost their direction. Soon they saw a big, black dog and they followed it to the edge of the city. There they scrambled on to the wall of the city and hid in a tower.

Then they heard footsteps and voices. A man peered in.

"Bring a sword," he shouted to those behind. "There are some people here. . . . Are there any 'foreign devils' here?" he snarled.

"No," said Pu T'ao, "we are only five girls from school."

The Boxers took the girls to the Magistrate. He put them into a room with his slave-girls, but after a time he sent Pu T'ao home to her village. But when Pu T'ao, who had been the happiest girl of her school, the tomboy and romp, who loved life and loved her home, reached the village and ran to meet her own people, she found her little home a heap of black cinders. The Boxers had slain her father and mother, her elder sister, and even her wee baby brother. She was alone in the world

and her family were all dead because she and her father and mother had been Christians.

Our eyes shine with joy as well as with tears to hear of the splendid heroism of thousands of Chinese Christian men and women, boys and girls, who could have had life by worshiping in the old way, but who "endured hardness as good soldiers" and died for the Faith.

The ferocious Boxers, backed up by the wicked old Empress Dowager of China, thought that they would wipe out the Christian Church. But within a year after the allied forces of America, Britain, and France had destroyed the Boxer rising, three hundred and seventy-three new missionaries had pressed forward from America, Europe, and Britain; and the Chinese themselves were crowding into the schools and churches as they had never done before.

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We have looked swiftly across the land of China through thirteen centuries and have seen how

The race of hero-spirits

Pass the torch from hand to hand.

We turn now to a few of these later hero-spirits of our own times, Western and Chinese, men and women, and watch them as they run the straight race and fight the good fight.

II

THE MEN OF THE GREAT COLD MOUNTAINS

THE long line of coolies on the bank tugged and strained at the creaking bamboo rope. The steep hills on either side of the rushing torrent were snow-capped, and an icy wind whistled through the gorge. Yet for all the cold, the sweat poured down the half-naked bodies of the panting coolies. At the other end of the long rope a heavy teak-built house-boat jibbed like a frightened horse. It seemed impossible that even the cord-like muscles of the big men who had spent a lifetime at this terrific task of pulling boats through the mighty rapids of Ch'in T'an could lug that heaving boat through.

Standing on the bow of the boat was a little man whose large gray eyes eagerly followed the grim struggle between strong men and strong waters. He was dressed in the thick quilted gown of a Chinese gentleman, and from under a small black cap a pigtail dropped stiffly behind his narrow shoulders. But one glance at the long, pale face with its prominent forehead showed that this was no son of the Celestial Kingdom.

Samuel Pollard, as he watched the coolies that

afternoon in 1889, had been only a few months in China. To bridge as far as possible the gulf between East and West, he had, with the assistance of tailor and barber, taken on some of the appearance of a Chinese; but the eager look on his face told of the blood of a race that cannot look calmly on a fight against tremendous odds.

It was his first sight of the grim might of the famous Yangtze River, which has eaten its fierce way through nearly four thousand miles of China from the distant mountains of Tibet. For weeks he had floated contentedly on its vast, placid depths, secretly doubting the tales he had heard of its many perils. Now he was seeing for himself that where the great granite hills resisted those swiftly flowing waters, squeezing them into a narrow gap, the Yangtze could leap and roar like an angry, wounded animal.

He watched for a long time, noting, by measuring the rocky banks with his eye, that the coolies were winning the struggle. Inch by inch the boat was tugged along the gorge, and, when the worst was apparently over, Pollard turned and went into the tiny cabin to read, leaving his friend Dymond alone to watch the last slow stages of the towing.

Barely had he entered the cabin when the current shifted from the right bank to the left, snatching the prow of the boat with fingers of steel and hurling it against a rock. The heavy teak beams,

used to withstand just such accidents, stood the shock of the impact and the boat rebounded, but only to turn on its side and the angry waters of the Yangtze came pouring over the low gunwales.

Pollard was knocked over by the shock, but, scrambling to his feet, made a rush for the door. At the same moment Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone, the other two missionaries who shared the cabin, sprang to the door too. But none of them reached it. The water poured through it like a wall and tossed them back as if they had been puppets. The coolies on shore had lost all control of the boat from the moment it struck the rock, and now the Yangtze played a devil's tattoo with it against the granite rocks. Nothing built of man could long withstand that terrific pounding, and in a few moments the stout teak timbers were splintered and torn apart.

Dymond had been flung from the bow with the first blow. Pollard and the Vanstones were caged within the little cabin and seemed doomed to drown in a trap. Blindly, instinctively, they struggled against the choking waters, and with the rapid breaking of the boat were spewed out of the cabin into the torrent. Their long, wadded coats made swimming impossible, but the air stored within the many folds prevented them from sinking immediately.

At the first breaking of the rope the coolies

jumped to the task of rescuing the drowning missionaries. One of them climbed fearlessly out over the splintering fragments of the boat and caught Pollard just as he was being whirled away. Others grabbed Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone, while a small boat was hurriedly pushed out on to the raging waters and rowed to where Dymond drifted, clinging to a spar he had managed to seize just as he was sinking.

In one moment they had passed from peace to deadly peril. In less time than it takes to tell the story they were rescued, and in those hectic moments of mad fighting against death, thought was not very easy. Pollard could only recall one solitary thought which had come to him when he was penned in the cabin by that wall of water: "God isn't going to let us four missionaries to Yunnan drown before we get there!"

He was right. There was a bigger conflict waiting for them all than their fight with the rapids. And Pollard, at least, was later to come even closer to death in another river than on that day in the Yangtze.

Sixteen years later four men stood before an idol shrine built against a rock high up in the Great Cold Mountains, on the border of Yunnan. Their faces were yellow and decidedly Mongolian in feature, but the men were much shorter than

Chinese. They were Miaos, the aborigines of Southwest China, hating the stronger race which had conquered them, and wholeheartedly despised by their conquerors.

Just now these four men were very serious. They were not quite sure what particular god or demon dwelt in that wayside shrine, but whoever it was, they wanted greatly to secure his aid in their mission. So they took from the bundles they carried a few small gifts and placed them reverently before the shrine. Then together they knelt and prayed.

Men have offered some queer prayers since this world began, but surely the prayer of the four Miaos on the barren heights of the Great Cold Mountains was one of the strangest ever offered. For they prayed that the god who dwelt in that squat, ugly little idol would help them in their search for Jesus Christ!

It was not the first shrine at which they had sacrificed and offered that prayer, and in the next few days they did the same thing at every shrine they came to, for these men were terribly in earnest.

The reason for their long journey and those prayers offered to unknown gods and demons lay in what had happened a few days before. Some of the men of their village had gone hunting, and early in the morning had crossed the trail of a wild boar. Now the boar is to a Miao hunter what

a lion is to a big game hunter—the richest prize of the chase.

With a shrill yell of excitement, they set off with their long, hunter's loping run after their quarry, following tracks which none but their keen eyes would have seen. But that boar had been hunted before, and with the craft of the wild pig, he led them a long chase.

As the first gray light of the dying day stole over the hills, they came suddenly to a house such as none of them had seen before, and in it was the first white man any of them had ever looked upon. Themselves almost as wild as the boar they hunted, they drew together in alarm, strongly tempted to turn and flee. But they were tired and hungry and curious, and so stood staring at Mr. Adam of the China Inland Mission as he walked slowly toward them.

One glance at their queer headdresses had told him that they were of the wild men of the mountains, a few of whom he had met at different times. He knew a little of their language, and now as he came towards them he called out, "Welcome, brothers!"

It was that word "brothers" that settled their fears. No stranger had ever called a Miao "brother" before, and the strangeness and alluring wonder of that great word made them move in a body toward the man who used it to them.

Their ancestors had come into Southwest China

from Indo-China centuries before and had built their poor thatched huts high up in the hills, seeking a land in which they could live in peace. But a fierce race called the No-su had followed and after a few grim fights had conquered the unwarlike Miaos and made them their slaves. Later the Chinese had fought the No-su, conquering them in turn, and now the Miaos were doubly slaves. They had to toil for their No-su lords to raise the sums demanded by the Chinese as revenue. No man among them knew the meaning of freedom.

Miserable in their bondage, they turned to bad wine and worse whisky and opium, and with the passing of the years, they had sunk so low that they almost deserved the contemptuous names they were called by both No-su and Chinese. Yet here was a man who was not ashamed to call them "brothers"!

Seeing that they were weary and hungry, Mr. Adam gave orders for a meal to be prepared for them, and soon they were sitting down to such a feast as seldom came into their miserable lives. When their hunger was satisfied, he told them as simply as he could a little of the religion he taught, a religion which calls all men brothers because all are children of the one great Father.

They did not make any comment at the time, listening in silence to what was the strangest teaching they had ever heard. Early the next morning they came to him before starting on the

long journey back to their mountain homes. One who acted as spokesman asked whether the missionary would teach them more of this great Faith which did not despise even Miaos.

Mr. Adam was in a difficulty. The Miaos lived far away from his town of Anshuen, and he could not leave the work he was doing there to visit them, nor had he anyone whom he could send. Then he remembered that Samuel Pollard was working at Chaotung,¹ which was much nearer to the side of the mountains where these wild men lived. Going into his study, he wrote a letter to Pollard, asking whether he could do anything for these men who so eagerly wanted to hear more of Christianity. He gave the letter to the leader.

Once back in their mountain homes, the shy, silent Miaos became eloquent. Calling the rest of the villagers together, they told them excitedly of that long chase and its surprising ending, repeating a hundred times that the white man had called them by the name of "brothers," and passing round the mysterious-looking letter which Mr. Adam had assured them would make another white man call them by the same wonderful word and come and visit them in their homes.

The talk went on all through the night, for, though the longing was general that Pollard should come and see them, they feared that he would de-

¹ In Yunnan Province, about 175 miles north-northeast of Yunnanfu.

spise them like everyone else and refuse to come. They discussed the possibility of sending him so fine a present that it would buy his favor, but there was nothing they could give, they were so poor. Their only valuables were a few copper ornaments and they thought that a white man who lived among their Chinese lords in Chaotung would possess so much that he would laugh at their gifts.

There was only one thing they could think of that might win him—the wine they made so plentifully and to which they turned for comfort in their miserable lives. That might win the missionary if nothing else they possessed would do so.

By the time day was breaking, it was finally settled that four of their leading men should go to Chaotung as scouts, taking with them a present of their heady wine with which to bribe Pollard to come and tell them more about Jesus!

But there was still so great a doubt that the wine might fail to win him, that the four elders were instructed to pray at every idol shrine they came to and seek the aid of the gods of the mountain to give them success in their mission.

When Pollard's Chinese servant gravely announced that four of the mountain men craved an audience of the honorable Teacher, his impassive face gave no indication of his thoughts, but something of the contempt he felt sounded in his voice.

The little missionary who had toiled so patiently

for sixteen years in Chaotung among the unresponsive Chinese, who met all his efforts with polite indifference, hurried to see these men of whom he had heard much but whom he had never met.

The scouts presented the letter they had jealously guarded and told the missionary how they had prayed to the idols in their shrines to incline his heart to come and tell them of the Faith he taught in Chaotung. Pollard's gray eyes lighted with surprise and gladness at their tale. Praying to idols to find Jesus was a new thing to him, but it convinced him more than anything else could have done that these men were desperately in earnest.

They did not offer him the wine they had carried for so many miles, for just outside Chaotung they had met one who knew Pollard well, and he had told them that the missionary hated wine. Almost despairing of securing his promise to come, but fearing to offend him with an unwelcome gift, they poured the cherished wine into a wayside stream. Now that they had empty hands, they were tempted to give up their quest; but the hunger in their hearts to hear of this religion which owned them as brothers decided them to go on, trusting solely in their prayers.

With the aid of an interpreter, Pollard told them more of Jesus, but he had to send them away without the promise they desired, that he would come and visit them up in the mountains. He was al-

ready overworked, and the claims of Chaotung were such that he could not get away then. He told them that he would come some day, and that meanwhile he would teach any of the Miaos who cared to come to him.

The scouts went back with the message, and that was the beginning of a strange pilgrimage. The soul-hunger of the Miaos was such that it would not be denied. If Pollard could not come to them, they would go to him. At first a score or so made the long journey, and as these returned after a time with the story of this great religion of "Brotherhood," others took the mountain trail, until there were hundreds making the journey.

They brought their simple food with them, coarse oatmeal which they mixed in rough wooden bowls by mountain streams. At night they slept in their padded felt coats wherever darkness overtook them, sleeping peacefully under the cold-shining stars, too full of the hope of great tidings to fear the wild beasts that quested hungrily for food among those grim mountains.

The compound of the mission house became crowded with Miaos, and they overflowed and filled the town, until the Chinese became alarmed at this strange coming of the shy mountain folk and thought that Pollard must surely be stirring them up to rebellion, for nothing like this had ever been known in China.

Pollard went in and out among them with a

singing heart. He could not see what the end of this movement would be, but he believed that great things were going to happen very soon. With his gift for learning languages, he soon picked up enough of the Miao dialect to do without an interpreter, and spent hours every day in teaching the little men who followed him about everywhere.

To carry on his work he began to teach them to read Chinese, and the Miaos took to it with almost pathetic eagerness. Middle-aged and even old men pored over the strange characters, learning by heart some of the sayings of Jesus which so moved them. Once started on the road to learning, they would not be denied and gave the missionary no rest.

Pollard began to show signs of the tremendous strain he was under, and his wife persuaded him one day to lie down and rest. She went to his room a little later and was amazed to hear the sound of voices in what should have been a quiet room. When she opened the door, it was to discover a dozen Miao men gathered round the bed of the missionary who was supposed to be sleeping, having yet another lesson in reading. They had swarmed up the verandah posts and climbed in through the window in order to get at him.

But though hundreds had come to him, Pollard knew there were thousands up in the mountains who either could not or would not make the long, perilous journey. He made his preparations to go

to them, and at length the day came when he set out on the wildest journey he had ever made.

Mounted on a sure-footed mountain pony, he began the ascent of the mountains, climbing higher every hour. There were no roads in the accepted sense of the word, only shocking tracks which none but a pony bred in the hills could have traveled. The paths twisted and turned along the very edges of terrifying precipices, sometimes along mere ledges so narrow that the mountain men had to hang on to the pony's head and tail to keep it from falling headlong as it moved gingerly round the rocky slopes.

As they climbed higher, Pollard had to dismount and at length had to take off his boots and put on felt-soled shoes. They had to cross bridges that were simply splinters of granite flung across chasms, with a drop of thousands of feet on either side, which would have tested the nerves of a monkey.

Scattered among the mountains were the villages of the Miaos, and in each of them Pollard met with a warm welcome. Those who had been to Chaotung had carried back news of the little missionary who had proved so real a brother to them, and those who had never made the journey crowded round to see and listen to him. In their delight at his coming, they brought him numbers of gifts of eggs and fowls, the only gifts they could make in their poverty.

Yet everywhere Pollard heard the same story. The No-su lords, alarmed at the rapid spread of the new faith, were trying to stamp it out by bitter persecution. The Miao Christians were accused of poisoning the streams, and Pollard was held to be stirring them up to rebellion. One man was beaten with three hundred stripes, but when, bruised and fainting as he was, he refused to give up the Faith, he was beaten three hundred times more upon the mouth. Another had his right thumb crushed between red hot pincers. Yet another was tied up for eighteen days with a heavy chain hanging on to him.

At any other time such persecution would have broken the timid Miao people and driven them to abject obedience. Now both their No-su lords and the Chinese were puzzled at their courage and steadfastness. The more they were persecuted, the more strongly did they hold to their new-found Faith.

Pollard threw himself into the task of securing religious freedom for the Miaos, and hurried about all over the mountains to villages in which his people were being oppressed. Physically he was not strong, and the hard, perilous journeys tried him excessively.

In defence of the slave-people he went to the strong castles in which the fierce No-su lords lived, and every time he passed through the strong gates he took his life in his hands. They hated him and

lusted to kill him, meeting the fearless little man with lowering brows and menacing words. Yet Pollard won every time through his utter fearlessness. A score of times he barely escaped death, but something about him kept the most angry No-su from striking him down.

But, fiercely as the No-su hated him, Pollard's gravest peril came from a Miao, a village headman named Chang-Miao-tsi. This man not only refused to have anything to do with Christianity himself, but he savagely persecuted those in the village who accepted it. When he had thoroughly cowed all in the village of Ta-ping-tsi, he decided to go still further and plotted the murder of the missionary.

Taking some of the frightened villagers with him, he went to the Chinese mandarin at Yongshan and made a charge against Pollard—that he was using his influence as a foreigner to compel the people to become Christians against their will, and that the villagers were so exasperated that they threatened to kill him if he came there again. Knowing the mandarin's hatred of Pollard, Chang volunteered to carry out the threat and murder the missionary if the mandarin would give him his protection afterwards.

Though he desired nothing more than the missionary's death, the mandarin was afraid to give an open consent to his murder lest it should involve him in trouble later. He contented himself

with telling Chang not to kill Pollard, but to capture him and bring him to Yongshan, when he would deal with him.

There were several men in the mandarin's *yamen* at the time who knew Pollard and were friendly towards him, and some of them revealed the plot. No sooner was Pollard convinced of the truth of the story than he boldly went to Yongshan and, entering the mandarin's *yamen*, calmly told him that he had heard of the plot and that, as the mandarin wanted him, he had come to deliver himself up.

Full of fears, now that the plot was known, the mandarin denied that he had entered into it, protesting that he did not know anything about Chang. To get out of the corner he had placed himself in, he deposed the headman from his office, gave orders that a piece of land should be given in the village of Ta-ping-tsi on which a church should be built, and invited Pollard to a great feast.

Naturally the loss of his place and power did not make Chang love Pollard any the more. He still retained his hold over the militiamen and now determined to carry out his plot to murder Pollard, waiting eagerly for the chance to get the missionary alone in the great mountains.

Having been in danger so often, but having been always delivered when death seemed certain, Pollard had grown a little careless. He heard of the

wild threats Chang made as he drank among his men, but dismissed them as mere wild words and went out to Ta-ping-tsi to arrange for the building of the church on the land given to him. During his stay there, reports were brought to him that the Christians in the neighboring village of Hali-mi were being terrorised by both Chinese and No-su. Without a thought of special danger, he set off to see whether he could bring about a settlement.

He reached the village about five o'clock. Three or four hours later he heard the sound of rifles being fired close to the house in which he was staying. He asked the reason and was told that a man had died that day and that guns were being fired to drive away the evil spirits so as to give the departed soul a safe passage into the next world. That being one of the Miao customs, Pol-lard accepted the answer without question and went off to sleep in the room allotted to him and the three Miaos who had come with him. Later he learned that the men had lied to him and that the gun firing was the signal to the militia to gather near the hut.

He was wakened about midnight by a sudden tremendous outbreak of barking among the village dogs, and in a few minutes the hut was ringed in by a circle of guttering lights. The unfastened bamboo door was pushed open, and a score of smelly, evil-looking men, carrying smoking torches,

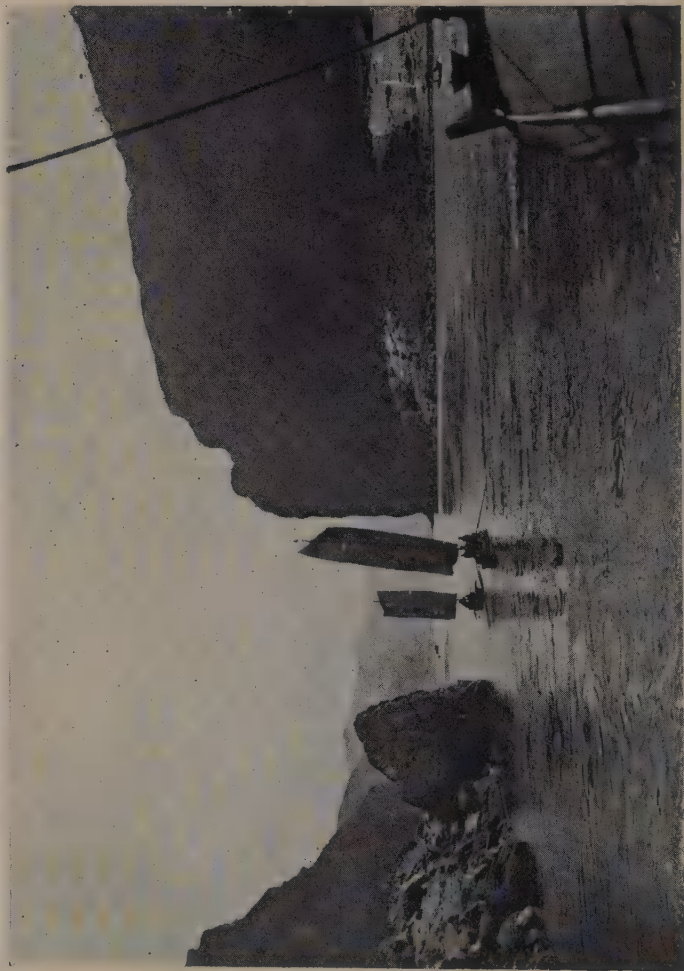


Courtesy Peking University

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

The Chinese had built a wall fifteen hundred miles long; they began to build it two hundred years before Christ, and it took over a thousand years to complete.

—*Prologue*



JUNKS ON THE YANGTZE

Flat-keeled, square-sailed, cheery, chubby junks sailing stodgily along on the grim might of the famous Yangtze River, which has eaten its fierce way through nearly four thousand miles of China from the distant mountains of Tibet.

—*Prologue*

came crowding into the small room. Pollard turned to one of the friendly Miaos and asked what it meant. The answer was, "Capture; murder!"

Hurriedly slipping on his long Chinese gown, the fearless little missionary went calmly out to face the men who were calling for him. At once he was surrounded by about sixty armed cut-throats, each of whom had pledged himself to the murder of the man they hated. The three Miaos had stayed within the sleeping-room, and the raiders now began a search for them. One of them, the youngest, managed to escape in the confusion and got clear away, but the other two were caught and led off with Pollard into the darkness.

Shouting and wildly brandishing their weapons, the mob of would-be murderers made their way down the village towards a small stream. But here they made a mistake. Lusting to give expression to their hate, they began to flog the prisoners and in their excitement knocked one of the captive Miaos over the bank into the stream below.

Instantly there was wild confusion. Fearing lest the Miao should escape, many of them jumped into the stream after him, while those guarding Pollard relaxed their vigilance for the moment. The missionary instantly realised the possibility of creating a diversion, in which both he and his two helpers might escape. With a great shout he broke from the men holding him, jumped over the bank, and ran swiftly down stream.

As Pollard was the principal object of their hatred, the mob dropped the pursuit of the Miao who had fallen into the stream and both he and his companion succeeded in getting clear. Yelling at the top of their voices, "*Ta, ta! Sha, sha!*" (Beat! Kill!), the whole crowd followed after Pollard, swiftly overtaking him and forcing him to take to the water. And here his short stature proved his undoing. The water was not very deep, but the missionary could not wade as swiftly as some of the longer-legged mountain men and they caught up with him before he had crossed the stream. In a few moments he was the center of a crowd that beat at him with heavy wood and iron clubs.

The only thing that saved him from instant death was the desire of each man to have a hand in his murder. They would not stand aside for one another so that one might have a clear swing at him. Instead, they poured down a rain of blows, but blows which were misdirected and robbed of much of their force through the milling bodies of the mob.

And the Providence which had so often looked after the intrepid missionary was with him on that wild, dark night. Legs, arms, shoulders, thighs, chest, and stomach were all battered and pounded, but by a miracle not a single blow landed on his head. Yet even so, they nearly had their desire. A blow fractured a rib, one end of which penetrated a lung.

Fainting and almost unconscious, Pollard had collapsed in the stream, when, just as he was looking up to see the blow fall which would bring an end to his sufferings, a big form pushed its way through the yelling mob, stooped over the missionary, and shielded him from the mob.

It was a Chinese named Yang-shih-ho. He lived near Ha-li-mi, and although he was not a Christian, and Pollard did not even know his name, he had a great admiration for the little missionary. He had tried to stop the raid on the hut earlier in the evening, and had followed the mob as they pursued Pollard. Now he raised his big body and told the militiamen curtly that they had gone as far as he intended to let them, and there was that about the big man which scared the mob even in their madness of hate.

Three men helped the fainting missionary to his feet and, half leading, half carrying him, took him about a hundred and fifty yards and tied him to a walnut tree. The rest of the band gathered round and, with Yang-shih-ho standing grimly by to see that they made no further attempt to kill the man he admired, they began a farcical trial of Pollard and the Miao who had received him into his hut. The missionary was told that if he ever came again into their village, he would be killed at once, and that if he took any action against them for what they had done that night, every Miao Christian in Ha-li-mi would be killed also.

Pollard was then carried back to the hut from which he had been taken, where he lay in a state of utter collapse and great pain. News of what had happened was sent to Chaotung, and a few days later Dr. Savin, a medical missionary stationed there, came out and, after attending to the mass of wounds which covered Pollard's whole body, arranged for him to be carried over the mountains back to the mission house at Chaotung.

The exhausting toil of those frequent journeys in the cold air of the mountains had undermined Pollard's health and it was a long time before he recovered from that terrible beating. Unable to resume his travels, he gave himself up to the task on which he had long set his heart—the task of inventing a written language in the Miao dialect into which he could translate the Bible so that the Miaos should not have to learn the difficult Chinese characters.

In this task he was amazingly successful. To express Miao words, which are nearly all of one syllable and nearly all end with a vowel, Pollard assembled a combination of shorthand, ordinary Roman letters, and the Braille type used for the blind, in a form unlike any other written language, and yet serviceable as a practical method by which people who had never known the meaning of written language could be taught to use one of their own. The success of the new writing was swiftly apparent, even old Miaos learning it easily.

Three years after his narrow escape from death Pollard learned for the first time the name of the man who had saved his life. He had asked everyone who might know, but somehow he had never been able to find out. Now that he knew who the man was, he determined to go at once to Ha-li-mi and thank him personally. The old threat that if he again visited the village he would be killed at sight did not disturb him. A man had risked his life for him and he had not even said "Thank you," and that was sufficient for Samuel Pollard. He had recovered sufficiently to make the journey, so off he set to pay his debt of gratitude.

A few days later he stood under the tree to which he had been tied while the mock trial took place, but now everything was changed. From where he stood he could see an unfinished little church, and from the open windows there came the sound of many men singing a Christian hymn. After thinking over that wild night of peril, Pollard turned and made his way into the church to speak to those who, in spite of threats and persecution, had turned to God in that mountain village.

Almost the first man he saw as he looked round was Chang-Miao-tsi, the headman who had once plotted his death with the Chinese mandarin. Beside him sat his son and daughter.

The old headman had expected vengeance from the man he had almost killed, but when no steps were taken and he had, instead, received a message

of forgiveness, it reached down to his heart in spite of the bitterness and prejudice of years. On this trip to thank the man who had saved his life, Pollard had the joy of receiving into the church the man who had nearly taken it.

By the beginning of 1915 Pollard's health was manifestly giving way under the tremendous strain he had placed upon it for so many years, and he had a feeling that his end was near. Now only one thought filled his mind—to finish the translation of the whole of the New Testament into the Miao script he had invented. With the help of two of his Chinese assistants, he gave himself up wholly to the task.

The last chapter of *Revelation* was finished by the end of August, and Pollard had scarcely written the last verse when typhoid broke out in the school attached to the mission station. Pollard's assistant, Hudspeth, volunteered to attend the sick boys as he had recently been inoculated. He had scarcely commenced his task, however, when he himself became a victim of the fever. Pollard at once stepped in and took upon himself the task of nursing his colleague and the other patients.

Hudspeth was very ill, but Pollard's careful nursing pulled him through. But the same day that Hudspeth's temperature fell to normal, Pollard himself was taken ill. For a few hours it was hoped that his illness was nothing worse than a breakdown through incessant overwork, but it

swiftly became apparent that Pollard also had contracted the dreaded fever. He lay for a week, growing feebler every day. On Thursday, September the fifteenth, one of the bravest and noblest of men passed into the presence of the Master of all good workmen.

Hudspeth recovered completely, and, knowing how intense had been Pollard's desire that his translated New Testament should soon be in the hands of the Miaos he had loved so much, he took the pile of papers left by his dead friend and went with them to Japan. There he saw them through the press. When he returned to Chaotung, it was with the first complete New Testament in the Miao language.

Through that last work of the courageous little missionary, all he had done among the Miaos was strengthened and carried on. At the time he died, after eleven years among them, there were over forty churches and more than ten thousand Christian Miaos. Pollard had worn himself out in winning those ten thousand, but his death did not end his work. Today there are more than five times that number of Christians among the mountain men, whom everyone despised until a little man went and taught them the meaning of "Brotherhood." Once they were slaves to No-su lords and bad whisky; now, through faith in the Great Brother of all men, they are free in their souls and are becoming a strong, fine nation.

III

THE DOPE FIENDS OF SHI-SHOU

THE straw sandals of the coolie made no sound as he plodded heavily along the road, almost hidden under the heavy load he carried. Cheng Ting Chiah, stumbling along in front, had no idea of his nearness until the coolie shouted shrilly:

"Hi, venerable one, out of the way!"

Cheng's old muscles were too stiff to respond to the message his brain flashed to them, and instead of leaping quickly aside, he only reeled a little. The big bale of cotton caught him on his thin shoulder and sent him flying, to bring up heavily against the wall of a tea-shop.

The coolie went on his way unmindful of the old man he had knocked over, while Cheng leaned against the wall coughing violently as he sucked in great mouthfuls of air. His lungs had been extra bad all the morning. He had wheezed and coughed all the time he had stumbled along on his way to spend the day with his friend Koh, and the blow had made things worse. Flecks of foam tinged with bright red spattered his scanty beard before the long shuddering coughs ended and he was able to resume his shuffling walk.

Inside the tea-shop three dignified middle-aged men watched him impassively. Their bland, ex-

pressionless faces showed no traces of sympathy or pity for the old bundle of bones in such evident distress. But as the sound of his coughing died away, one of them said,

"Cheng looks very different from what he did when he drank tea with us, eh?"

"Did that unclean thing ever share the munificent hospitality of such honorable gentlemen as you?" the youngest of the three asked in surprise. "As you know, I have been in Shi-shou only a few years."

"Ay, Sing, you may well be surprised. That which polluted the air with his smell was Cheng Ting Chiah, the son of the noblest family in Shi-Shou¹ before the river-gods, angered with us, made the mighty Yangtze change its bed," replied Hsien.

"I remember as if it were yesterday how he walked down the street of Yellow Gold," remarked the third man, Ah Tung. "He held himself proudly in those days. No one could think of him as less than a ruler. He had the manner of those whose families have always been wealthy. It was great condescension when he would deign to look at merchants like us in those days."

"What has made so vast a change?" asked Sing. He was not greatly interested in the subject, but the day was still young, and the three had gossiped on almost all the topics they could think of. This would serve to while away a few minutes. But

¹ In Hupeh Province, about 125 miles southwest of Hankow.

the mere mention of the old days had stirred memories in both the older men, and there was far more animation in both their voices and their faces as they replied.

"In those days Shi-Shou was a wealthy city," said Hsien. "The river flowed by its very walls and brought us merchandise from all over the Heavenly Kingdom and beyond. The shops were full, and so were our coffers. Then one day the river-gods made the water to rise in such a flood as we had never known. It swept away the Golden Dike and carried away hundreds of houses. We beat the gongs, burned incense, let off countless fire-sticks, to please the gods, but all for nothing. When the flood went down, the river had made a new bed, three miles away, and now Shi-Shou is only a shadow of what it was."

He paused, forgetting that he had said nothing of the man whose passing had led to the talk. Hsien had been one of Shi-Shou's rich merchants in the old days, and he could never think of the disastrous flood without grieving afresh at the ruin it had brought him. Ah Tung had not been touched in his pocket quite so badly and, knowing Hsien's lengthy lamentations, hastened to bring in the name of Cheng.

"In those days the venerable father of Cheng Ting Chiah was alive and owned about ten thousand acres.¹ His son was one of the leading offi-

¹ A Chinese expression for great wealth.

cials of the town, and always dressed in silk. No man ever dressed better than Cheng, for he had an air with him in those days. But his honorable father died when he was about thirty, and the family soon fell from their greatness. There were many acres of their land which others claimed had not been properly bought, and the *yamen* of the governor was soon filled with those who had a claim against the Cheng family. Ting Chiah, whom you saw pass by now, was the eldest son, and he had to fight the cases as they came up in the court . . .”

“Ay, and he could plead well,” interrupted Hsien, annoyed that Ah Tung had taken the lead in their gossip. “I never heard anyone who could argue better, for he was a great scholar and knew the Classics better than anyone else in Shi-Shou.”

“But it did him no good,” said Ah Tung sagely. “He forgot the old saying, ‘Money dropped into a *yamen*-runner’s hand is like a sheep dropped into the mouth of a tiger.’ His fortune went to make the governor and his men fat.”

“Until he had to become a merchant like us to whom he scarcely deigned to speak,” chuckled Hsien. “The proud Cheng thought it an easy thing to buy and sell, but he found it wasn’t!”

“No, he had the manners of an official, and that is no good in trade,” agreed Ah Tung. “He lost all that was left to him of his fortune and then took up the law again, pleading for money now.”

"To buy opium with!" and Hsien chuckled again, for the hatred he had felt for the proud young official twenty years before was still strong within him.

"Did he smoke the little pipe, then?" inquired Sing with fresh interest. He had only just begun the habit, and it interested him more to hear that Cheng Ting Chiah had been addicted to that evil habit than to hear of his lost fortune.

"Yes. He began when he was still an official, like most of them, only he smoked more than almost any other man in Shi-Shou. I have heard that he smoked for years no less than eight vials a day." (About half an ounce.)

"Eight vials! No wonder he coughed," said Sing.

"His silk clothes all went to old Koh, the keeper of the opium shop," went on Hsien with vindictive joy. "Soon he was dressed like one of the beggars in the Temple of Chicken's Feathers."

"What does he do now?" asked Sing in idle curiosity.

"Hangs round the *yamen*, pleading the cases of those who are too poor to pay for a more respectable pleader. Then he goes off with his few cash to smoke through the night with old Koh, the only friend he has left in Shi-Shou."

Just then another richly dressed merchant entered the tea-shop and the three men rose to greet him with elaborate ceremony, the pathetic figure

of Cheng Ting Chiah passing out of their minds.

While the three men were gossiping over his sordid history, Cheng made his stumbling way along the uneven street to a small house he knew even better than the squalid hut he called home. Pushing open the door, he entered a long, low room, the air in which was heavy with the fumes of opium. A passage ran down the center, on either side of which was a raised platform, curtained off to make a number of tiny rooms. From nearly all of these partitions protruded the feet of men lying within in various stages of narcotic sleep—two in each recess, with a small table between them bearing a supply of opium pellets, long, thin pipes, and a lamp at which they could light the tiny bowls.

Sniffing eagerly at the fume-laden air, Cheng hurried down the passage to his usual place beside his friend Koh, who owned the horrible den. The severe attack of coughing caused by the accident with the coolie had so exhausted his feeble body that he could not even reply to Koh's greeting. He flung himself down full length on the wide plank, seized the long pipe, held it for a moment to the little lamp, and then leaned back with a sigh almost of content as the biting fumes began their work of deadening his tortured, shrieking nerves.

The drug did not send them to sleep at once. They were too hardened for one pipe, or many, to have that effect. They would lie for hours, those two,

smoking pipe after pipe before their drugged bodies relaxed and their stimulated minds raced off into the purple dreams of Poppy-land. Until then they would follow their daily practice, lie and talk.

Koh knew what Cheng would say before the old man opened his lips. For lately Cheng had had only one topic: his utter weariness of life.

Theirs was a strange friendship, begun in the days when each was forming the habit which was to hold them as helpless slaves through the best years of their manhood, and deepening as they sank together lower and yet lower. Cheng trusted only one man in all Shi-Shou, the keeper of the opium-den, and Koh was worthy of the trust reposed in him.

"What shall I do?" Cheng began with the question he had asked when leaving the day before, the question which was always in his thoughts these days. "Shall I kill myself, or become a vegetarian? I must do something, for I am weary of living. The pains grow worse every day; I have a score of different diseases; my body is covered with sores, and I can scarcely breathe when I walk. And even opium is failing me now. I have to smoke more pipes every day before I can sleep. Perhaps if I become a vegetarian it will help a little."

Koh lay for some time without answering. He had heard all this many times before, and all that

Cheng was saying was just what he was feeling himself. There were no sadder or more disillusioned men in China than these two lying side by side in the reeking opium-den. They had drunk the cup of vice to the dregs and found it very bitter. Presently Koh laid his pipe aside and turned to face his friend. He had long meditated saying the words which were now trembling on his lips, but had refrained because he knew just how Cheng would take them. But the sight of his friend's misery made him speak at last, so he said softly, "I wouldn't do that. I know a better way . . . though I fear you won't like it."

"What is it?" demanded Cheng.

"Let us go to the Gospel Hall!"

"What!" Cheng was so startled that he sat up, never heeding the chorus of protest from the disturbed occupants of the many recesses.

"The Gospel Hall," repeated Koh, glad to have got it out at last. "I have heard that others who were slaves to opium like us have gone there and found something which has taken the power of the drug away from them."

Cheng flung his pipe down in a rage, shouting, "I'll never go there!"

"I told you that you would not like it," said Koh placatingly. "But you have tried everything else and found it fail, so why not try this?"

Cheng did not answer, but he was evidently unconvinced. The Gospel Hall was merely a room

rented in the town by a Canadian missionary, Rev. A. P. Quentin, and in those early days of its existence no one thought very much of it. Koh looked at his friend, saw his stubborn look, and resumed his pleading, ending with:

"The missionary is coming to preach there on Sunday; let us go and look at him and hear what he has to say. It can't do us any harm; and you never know, these foreigners may have a power that can drive out devils. I have heard they can work wonderful cures with sick people, and we are both very sick."

Cheng stuck to his objections for a long time, but before they finally fell asleep, after countless pipes, it was settled that the next Sunday they would slip into the back seat of the Hall and see what was to be seen.

They kept their compact, and on the whole were pleased with all they heard and saw. Koh was more impressed than Cheng, and his interest in the new religion grew rapidly. They went again the following Sunday, and then made it a regular practice, but neither of them spoke to anyone there. They shuffled out of the opium-den just in time to get into the service, and then crawled back to spend the rest of the day discussing the sermon over their pipes of opium.

Years passed; both men were physically weaker, and it seemed as if they could not last many months longer. They were not much more than



DR. SHELTON OF TIBET

reaching, healing, and teaching, "the big doctor" rode for years up and down the passes of Tibet, into the heart of Asia, back to the "Roof of the World."

—Chapter IV



NO LONGER AFRAID OF CHRISTIAN HOSPITALS

Patients came in large numbers, for China is a land where sickness flourishes, and Dr. Hu King Eng was much beloved.

—Chapter V

walking skeletons, they were so thin. The consumptive coughs of opium fiends shook them every few minutes, and their lungs were being swiftly torn to pieces within their thin chests. Both were intelligent men, and from the many sermons they had listened to they had a fair idea of the meaning of Christianity, yet neither had even tried to join the Gospel Hall.

Koh was the first to make the attempt, and, approaching Mr. Quentin, he told of his desire to become a member of the Hall.

"But you are an opium-smoker, and we cannot have such for our members," said the missionary sadly. "If you would join us, you must break off your habit."

Koh was so determined to become a member of the Hall that he went home with a fixed determination not to smoke another pipe of opium. But before many hours had passed, he was in agony. His whole system cried out for its familiar poison. He endured the pain stubbornly and passed a night of sleepless misery.

The next day was worse. Every bone in his thin body ached incessantly, and he felt dreadfully sick and ill. His friends came to him and told him that he would die if he did not resume the habit, but still he held out in his strong desire to become a Christian. Then dysentery set in, an always fatal symptom, and his friends became more urgent. Koh knew as well as they that this was a sign of

the end, and to keep his soul in his miserable old body he again took up the pipe—a more helpless victim than ever.

Six months later the missionary again visited Shi-Shou, and at once Koh sought him out and told him of his gallant but helpless fight against his vice, and once more pleaded to be allowed to join the Hall.

“Not until you give up opium.” Mr. Quentin could not say anything else, for to admit Koh as he was would be to open the church to every opium-sot in the town.

“But I shall die if I break off,” cried Koh.

“If you did die, Heaven would be yours, and God would be pleased,” said the missionary, who had no means of knowing whether the old opium-den keeper was in earnest or not.

Koh was desperately in earnest, though, and walked home with a new firmness in his step. He had resolved that, cost what it might, he would break with his vice this time for good. He put his pipes away and told Cheng that never again would he touch the thing which had ruined them both.

The old weary round of pain and sleeplessness came on as before, but Koh endured it cheerfully. He was going to win this time! Then the dreaded dysentery came on again and Cheng pleaded with his friend of half a lifetime to save himself by taking the drug.

“No,” replied Koh sturdily. “The missionary

said that if I died trying, God would be pleased with me, and I am going to try."

He grew weaker every hour, and in the hours of his weakness the terrible craving for the swift release of opium was almost overpowering. Added to the shrieking of his nerves for relief were the tears and pleadings of Cheng. It seemed as if he must yield, that no man could put up with the agonies Koh was enduring; but every time his tortured body quivered and shook with the racking pains, Koh gritted his teeth and muttered, "I'm pleasing Him!"

And so he did, for while Cheng and several other of his friends stood wonderingly round the emaciated body of the old opium-den keeper, his gallant soul passed out. In his effort to become a Christian, Koh had sacrificed everything, killing his body by slow stages that his soul might be freed.

They buried him. Not with the pomp and show so dear to the heart of the Chinese, but as cheaply as it could be done. Then almost everyone forgot all about him. No one thought he had done anything splendid in dying rather than yield again to his vice. They thought he was mad, and that on the whole it was just as well that he had died.

The only one who remembered and who found inspiration in Koh's courage was Cheng. They had been friends for so long that he was desperately lonely without him. He tried to follow his

friend's example and break off opium-smoking. Time after time he gave it up, but it was even harder for him than it had been for Koh. Cheng's whole body was full of disease, and as soon as he abstained for a single day from the drug, one or other of his many complaints would add to the normal tortures endured by a drug-addict in the breaking-off stage. He made many a gallant fight, but they always ended in defeat, and each left him still more firmly enslaved to the deadly little pellets.

He still continued to go to the Gospel Hall, though it was a walk of three miles from his home and he was getting weaker every day. The only way he could manage to get there was to crawl along a few hundred yards and then turn into an opium-den, smoke a pipe to get the necessary stimulant to tackle the next stretch, repeat it at another opium-den, and so on through both journeys. It is difficult to imagine a stranger quest for God than that of this old drug-slave, turning to his vice for strength to get him to where he could hear again the message which called so strongly to his soul. Yet he made that six-mile walk every Sunday for many months, never missing a service even in the worst weather.

He applied at last for membership, and Mr. Quentin had to tell him as he had told Koh:

"Not while you still smoke opium. Give that up and we will gladly receive you."

"Oh, he only takes a couple of pills a day," said one of his friends who was standing near at the moment, using a Chinese phrase for one trying to break off the habit and who has but little craving left.

"Then, if that is so, we will soon have you cured," said Mr. Quentin cheerily. "You are weak and ill, but when I come again I will take you down the river to the hospital at Changte, and there you will grow strong again."

It was another six months before the missionary's many calls enabled him to visit Shi-Shou again. Cheng was waiting for him, for he had literally lived through the hope of going to the hospital and being made strong again. They arranged to meet at Lao Shan Tsui, about three miles away, on a branch of the Yangtze, where the missionary would take him on a hired junk down to the Presbyterian hospital.

The appointed day came, and the missionary paced up and down the little junk waiting for the overdue Cheng, of whom there was no sign. It looked as though either his courage had failed, with the memory of Koh's sufferings still so vivid, or he had not been really in earnest. At length, as Mr. Quentin gave the signal for sailing, a sampan came in sight and in it was old Cheng, standing up and wildly waving, to attract attention.

Once on board the junk, he told the missionary why he was so late. He needed three or four dol-

lars for the expenses of the trip and had asked the nephew with whom he lived to let him have the money. His clan had heard why he was going and, having no use for the new religion, they would not give him the little he asked for. Instead, they offered to give him as much as he would require for opium as long as he lived and to look after him if only he would drop all these strange ideas from his mind. But Cheng was as determined as Koh had been and, finding they would not listen to him, had run off at last on his tottery old legs, in a fever of impatience lest the delay had made him miss the junk. The nephew had relented at the sight of the old man's determination and had followed with the money—thirty or forty pounds' weight of copper cash at one end of a long pole and Cheng's few clothes at the other.

There were two boatmen on the little junk, so the missionary and Cheng shared the tiny cabin. It was not long before the missionary found that he was in for a terrible time. In his earnestness to overcome his vice, Cheng had not brought a single pellet of opium with him.

The missionary was not a doctor; he had but few medicines of any kind in his case, and those were of no use for the treatment of such a confirmed opium-taker. The attempt to break off suddenly after years of indulgence would be risky in the extreme in the case of an otherwise healthy man, and Cheng suffered from so many other

diseases that he was almost a walking hospital.

All through the night and the day following Cheng lay on his bed trying to suppress the groans which forced themselves from between his clenched teeth, for he was suffering agonies. Yet not a word of complaint or regret that he had come escaped him. He was following in the steps of his friend Koh and meant to die trying rather than give up. The only thing the missionary heard him say was, "Lord, you must help me; Lord, you must help me!"

Before long he was so exhausted by suffering that it seemed he must sink from exhaustion. Unable to do anything, the missionary could think of only one thing. Leaning over the almost unconscious old man, he said, "Cheng, let us sing something."

Cheng gave the Chinese grunt of assent, and asked for his favorite hymn, "The Lord of all Grace." They sang it together, Cheng's husky voice feebly trying to keep up with the missionary's. And the singing of that hymn worked a miracle! Before its close, the wheezy, panting breath had cleared and his voice was ringing out strongly as he sang of the power of God to save.

That hymn saved his life. Of this neither he nor the missionary ever had any doubt. They sang it through again and again until at last Cheng dropped off into a natural sleep.

He did not get well all at once. Indeed, in the

days that followed it seemed many times that he was dying, and once he sank again so low that the missionary tried to prepare him for the death that seemed so close. He asked him if he had any fear, and the answer amazed him, "I want to live three years."

"I shall be surprised if you live three days," replied the missionary sadly, not thinking he would live through the night. "But why do you want to live three years?"

"I want to witness!" The answer was spoken very softly, all the old man's heart in his voice. He felt he could not die there on that little junk on the broad Yangtze until he had told the people of his country of this new God he had found in the depth of his misery.

He did not die that night, or the next day. Instead, they carried him up to the hospital five days after leaving Lao Shan Tsui, and the opium-devil was conquered before they left the junk.

A month later he left the hospital, and soon afterwards was baptised in the little church at Changte. But the wish he had expressed when it seemed he was dying, to live for three years and witness for his Lord, was always in his mind, and he soon returned to his own town of Shi-Shou. It was there that he had sunk so low and he wanted everyone to see the change that had come to him and to tell them how it had happened.

His lean, wasted body filled out rapidly now

that the deadly drug was not sapping away his vitality, and his many diseases began to disappear. In a few months he was a different man. He was fifty years old when he made his gallant fight on the junk, but he looked nearer eighty. He had taken opium for thirty years, and had been a hopeless slave to the craving for over twenty years. But from that moment when he stepped on the junk at Lao Shan Tsui he never touched a pellet again.

Cheng began to preach soon afterwards, going with Mr. Quentin as his assistant, to Nanchow, a hundred miles farther up the river. The old bundle of bones and rags whom men had despised became one of the most respected men in Nanchow, growing younger and stronger with the years that passed. Later Mr. Quentin took him to Kiating, one of the stations of the Canadian Methodist Mission on the River Min. There was opposition, plenty of it, but the gifts he had once shown as a pleader in the governor's *yamen* served him in the days of difficulty, and he compelled the respectful attention of even those who differed most from him.

For over ten years, until the day he met Him face to face, Cheng bore his witness for the Savior Who had set him free. He had "resisted unto blood striving against sin" and won through triumphantly to a splendid victory.

IV

THE TRAIL ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

A DARK-EYED, shock-haired boy lay on the grass under a wagon on the great Kansas prairie. He was healthily tired with the long day's tramp in the sun and the wind.

The glowing embers of a wood fire that shone fitfully on his bronzed face gleamed in the dark with a comfortable, friendly glow. Over this fire the boy, Albert Shelton, had roasted a rabbit that he had noosed that evening. The hungry wild coyotes sniffed warily round the camp, hoping against hope for a stray chicken. But they kept their distance, for a government premium was on their scalps.

The last thing the boy remembered before he himself dropped asleep was the soft breath of the wagon-oxen near his cheek as they snuffed at their fodder and drowsily chewed their cud.

With the first faint pink of dawn the boy was awake in the crisp, clear air. He was soon cracking a whip alongside the slow-paced oxen as they hauled the wagon loaded with barrels down to the water.

Suddenly there was a rattling in the grass. The

boy fearlessly ran in the direction of the poisonous rattlesnake and so skilfully cracked his whip—with which he had been practising for weeks with this emergency in view—that he broke the snake's back and killed it. Then he cut the rattles off the snake's tail and wore them jauntily as a hatband, and as proudly, too, as a young soldier wears a decoration for valor.

Out on that great wild prairie land, the boy and his carpenter father and his young mother lived in a little house. As he looked out across the endless prairies, he dreamed of Red Indians. Indeed, he and the other boys whose fathers had settled down near by made a dug-out cave where they built a camp-fire and read blood-and-thunder tales to one another. Outside, they played rather primitive baseball games, and day by day they went to the little wooden schoolhouse, and on Sundays to the but slightly larger wooden church.

Albert Shelton loved hunting coyotes with his little .22 rifle and winning a state bounty for their scalps. But he was not only a young sportsman, he was a great reader, as well. When he was but a three-year-old toddler, he coaxed his mother to teach him to read the printing on sacks of flour and in newspaper advertisements.

When he was fifteen, a neighbor lent him the thrilling story of *Ben Hur*. It opened up a wider horizon than even the edge of the Kansas prairie. It stirred in him the dream of going out into Asia

across the ocean. *Ben Hur* and the vast ranges of the prairie created in him a wider space-hunger still, the dream of being a missionary in distant lands—if possible, where no one had ever been before.

He was now growing rapidly taller as well as more clever. There was not much scope, however, on the prairie farm for his brain work. So his passion for books led him to start teaching, and in the long holidays he worked as a clerk in the primitive shacks.

At twenty years of age, Albert Shelton was six feet four inches tall. The coltish, rough-haired, collarless youth earned his way into the Kansas State Normal College for training teachers. He had to carry newspapers early in the morning and do work as a janitor in order to be able to pay his way. Some of the fellows in white starched collars and well-cut suits snubbed him because he was a country-bred boy with rough clothes. They soon found, however, that when they were facing examinations only half prepared, they had to go to young Shelton, the farmer-boy, as tall and rough-looking as ever Abraham Lincoln was, to be tutored. This was a sad but also a healthy blow for the proud youths.

At this time the Spanish-American War was calling the young men of the country. Shelton volunteered at once, and for a year he “formed

fours" and trained and route-marched in Virginia. But his company was never drawn down into the war, and within a year he was back in Kansas at his studies. One day the president of the college called him into his office and, to his immense joy, offered him a scholarship in the Louisville Medical College.

It seemed an amazing and wonderful thing to him that the dream which *Ben Hur* had started in him might now come true. Sure enough, the autumn of 1903 found the twenty-eight-year-old doctor, with his wife,—who had been a student with him in the normal college,—aboard the steamer *China*, sailing out through the Golden Gate from the harbor of San Francisco, with the bows westward ho! to Hawaii, Japan, and the yellow waters of the Yangtze. So they steamed into the port of Shanghai.

They had already plowed over six thousand miles across the Pacific Ocean, and it seemed strange, after reaching land, to start once more in a steamer that churned steadily for another thousand miles up and up the great river to Ichang.

It was a relief for the doctor and his wife to go ashore. But they soon had to leave dry land again and walk over the gangway, aboard a square-nosed, high-backed, "tubby" house-boat.

The cock that was sitting on the bows of the house-boat, tied there by a string, was killed, and

the blood and feathers were smeared on the boat to bring the good-will of the river gods. So she cast off and started up stream for another month's travel on this apparently endless river.

"Chug! Chunk!—Chug! Chunk!" Forty great oars swung to and fro as the boat slowly headed against stream. The progress was slow, but it was sure.

In a day or two, they found themselves in swifter water, so the oars were got aboard and the long bamboo ropes trailed out. A single rope had at the end on the bank five or six ropes splayed out like the fingers of a hand. On each of these strands coolies tugged hard. Where the wind helped them, the mat sails were put up; but it was always very heavy pulling to lug the big-breasted house-boat up the swirling stream.

The great gorges through which the Yangtze has cut its way reared tall rocky precipices on either side, and the water whirled wildly among dangerous rocks and swirled and eddied to and fro. The coolies chanting together, tugged the boat over the rapids, straining every nerve; while the steersman watched each rock and current, for a single blunder would have hurled the house-boat, a mass of wreckage, among the boulders.

Dr. Shelton's big heart went out to those coolies as they strained and pulled. Every day he went to them when they rested and bound up this one's bruised ankle or that one's cut foot.

"I wish," he told his wife, "that I had a number of lives so that one could be spent up and down these gorges, healing and helping these thousands of coolies who go up and down the river on these rocky paths, dragging the boats."

For a month, day after day, week in, week out, they climbed and climbed the river till at the port of Chungking, where the rapids were passed and smoother water was found, another and smaller house-boat was taken. In this boat for still another month they sailed and rowed and were pulled up the Yangtze River, and then out into a smaller tributary, where, at last, after two months of river travel, and almost three months of travel over eight thousand miles of water, they set their feet upon land.

The journey, however, was not over, by any means. Albert Shelton, who had, up to this time, spent his life on the broad, flat prairie, was now climbing higher and higher up toward the "roof of the world"—Tibet. The rest of his life was to be spent among the wild, lowering mountains and on high plateaus where few white men had been and almost none had lived.

There were sedan-chairs with coolies to carry them. Mrs. Shelton could, of course, never have taken so long and stiff a journey without the chairs. Dr. Shelton, however, could not bear that coolies should shoulder his great weight—for he was broad of build as well as tall—so he strode

on foot up the hills and across valleys and rocky passes.

Up and up the mountain road they went, day after day, till at the top of the pass the cold wind raged fiercely from the high plateau, blowing the tops of the sedan-chairs off. The coolies feared the wind-demons that blow across that pass; but the travelers feared as much the treacherous road. At one point they came to a ravine across which was a long chain-bridge with only loose boards placed on the chains for the travelers to walk across.

At length, near the Tatsienlu River, they came in sight of their goal—the city of Tatsienlu.

There was a light snow on the ground, and they hurried into the city and took rooms in a Tibetan inn, in the place that was to be their home for several years.

Above them, on either side, towered the mountains, and through their valley, itself eight thousand feet above sea-level, the river brawled, fed from distant glaciers. To the east lay two thousand miles of China, and west, the whole unknown mysterious world of Tibet.

Dr. Shelton found that the Chinese and the Tibetans were always quarrelling and often fighting around Tatsienlu, this borderland between the countries. The Chinese hold Tibet as a dependency; but, the Government from Peking being so weak, there is always strife on the borderland. For instance, it happened not long after Dr. Shelton

and his wife reached Tatsienlu that the Tibetans sent down this message: "We are coming to take the city. We shall come in sheepskin coats, but shall leave in silk and satin."

They did come down, but did not get into Tatsienlu. They came so near, however, that shortly Dr. Shelton was getting bullets out of the backs and arms of Chinese and binding up their wounds.

In the course of that fighting, there were scores of adventures that came to Dr. Shelton like the following.¹ A boy from the school that Dr. Shelton had opened came running in early on Sunday morning before the doctor was out of bed. Sitting down on the bed, he asked whether Dr. Shelton would go a hundred miles over the mountains to Tylin, where the Chinese official in that Tibetan place had been shot, with a bullet, through the neck.

Hurriedly cramming his surgical instruments and medicines into his saddle-bag, he was soon off, with a guide, on horseback. From nine till four they rode, and then it began to rain in torrents, with a driving wind that soaked him through and through in spite of his raincoat.

After twelve hours' travel through wild country, with never a house or a human being in sight, they came at night to a low, broad, Tibetan *khan*. A man with a torch flung open the door. They

¹ For his life see *Shelton of Tibet*, by Flora Shelton. George H. Doran Co., New York. Also Dr. Shelton's autobiography, *Pioneering in Tibet*. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

stepped in and found themselves ankle-deep in manure, with horses and cattle, three fires on the floor, no chimney, clouds of acrid smoke, and innumerable fleas.

Sleep was impossible because of the vermin. So in an hour's time, with a bright moon shining through the frosty air, they started again. For two hours they climbed the steep pass, showers drenching them every little while. When the clouds broke away, they could see gleaming in the moonlight two lakes, fed by a ghostly glacier two thousand feet above them.

All through the night Dr. Shelton pushed on, till dawn broke across the mountains at five. He could hardly stand for tiredness, and a great desire for sleep wore him down, for he had been moving for nearly twenty hours.

The rain now stopped, and the sun rose. He began to dry off as he walked, and soon the village of Tylin came in sight.

There were three hundred Tibetan priests, or Lamas, in Tylin who had never seen a white man. They refused to help find the wounded man. For the Lamas who infest Tibet by the hundred thousand and live on the fears and superstitions of the poor people nearly all hate the coming of a white foreigner and especially a doctor, who can really heal the disease against which the Lamas sell useless charms. The doctor, therefore, could not find the man or even the camp where he was.

At length he discovered a boy to whom he promised a rupee as a reward if he would guide him and he handed him his pocket-knife as a guarantee. In half an hour the doctor was face to face with the officer, having ridden a five days' journey in twenty-three hours. He found the man with an ugly wound right through the neck. It was stopped up with clots of pitch and was full of poisonous pus.

The doctor, though he could scarcely stand, for sheer tiredness, cleaned and disinfected and bound up the wound, took some food, changed into clean Chinese clothes, rolled into bed, and slept from noon till night, when he took supper, re-dressed the wound, and slept again till the next morning.

In sheer gratitude the officer gave the doctor a fine black sturdy mule, who became a very great friend. This faithful, strong mule carried the doctor for years up and down the passes of that strange land as he went about healing the people.

Dr. Shelton, however, wanted to reach the Tibetan people themselves, beyond the borders of the Chinese. In Tatsienlu, for instance, where the Chinese came to his Sunday services, the Tibetans would not mix with them and kept away. So it was decided to move on into the Tibetan country. Away they went with their two little girls, Doris and Dorothy, who had been born in Tatsienlu, to a far town called Batang, in a wide-spreading valley among snow-peppered mountains.

Within a few days the doctor had won his first victories in Batang. Let us look at three "snapshots" of the way he did it:

"Bang! Bang!" Someone in a terrible hurry was smashing at the door. A messenger rushed in. "Two men have quarrelled," he said; "the one who was beaten ran home and drank opium, and now he has gone to sit on his enemy's doorstep, to die, so that his spirit shall haunt his enemy for ever and ever. Come and save his life."

The doctor put an innocent-looking syringe into his pocket and was off in a trice.

Reaching the opium-poisoned man, he stuck the syringe into his arm and pumped into his body a simple saline hypodermic injection. The men standing round gaped with astonishment.

"Is that all you are going to do?" they said to the doctor.

"Wait and see," he replied, with a quiet twinkle in his eyes.

In a few minutes the man who was dying had thrown up all the opium in violent sickness and was cured. The doctor had given him an extra strong dose of the emetic so that the Chinese should never want to endure the violent sickness again.

The second picture is this:

The Chinese official of Batang sent a wonderful red card of greeting to the American doctor and

asked him to step up and see him. Dr. Shelton went at once and after endless politenesses, bowings and scrapings, sippings of tea and the rest, the doctor asked as patiently as he could, "What do you want me for?"

"Oh," replied the official, "a man has had his head hurt down there. I want you to step in and put him right."

The doctor hurriedly sent for basins and instruments, expecting to have to deal with a slight scalp wound. He found, lying in manure, a man on whose head a heavy beam had fallen, crushing the skull so horribly that Dr. Shelton at once said it was impossible for him to live.

He rushed back to the official and said:

"I cannot operate on that man. I dare not—he will die if I do."

"Well, but you must do something," said the official. "Cannot you do anything for him?"

"Yes—I can," answered Dr. Shelton, "but if I do, and he dies under the foreigner's knife, it may mean that we shall all be killed."

"You try," replied the Chinese mandarin, "and I will back you up whatever happens."

Dr. Shelton grimly clenched his teeth and, praying intensely to God for help, got the man carried on a door into a house. He made them hang a sheet across the grimy roof to keep the dirt from falling. Then he washed the filth and vermin from the man's butter-smear'd hair and shaved the

whole head. He then operated and had to take no less than twelve pieces of bone out of the skull, after which he bandaged him up.

When Dr. Shelton entered his own home that night, his face all white and drawn and sad, he said to his wife:

"The man will be dead in the morning; I don't know what will happen to us."

Early the next morning he went up to see the patient. So far from being dead, the Tibetan actually began to raise himself from his straw bed to thank Dr. Shelton.

"Well," said the doctor to his wife when he returned, "I did the best I could, but by all the knowledge of medicine I possess, that man should be dead. The Lord has healed him."

In a month the man was so well that he was able to walk a hundred miles to his home. Three months later as the doctor walked along he met two old gray-haired Tibetans. As they came near him they dropped on their knees and bumped their heads three times three upon the ground.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Get up. I cannot allow that." But down they went again, pounding their foreheads on the ground.

"Do you remember," they said, "that man whose head was broken in? He is our son. We have come to thank you for saving his life."

Those old people had walked a hundred miles over the mountains to thank the doctor. Out of

his worn sheepskin coat the old man pulled a chicken, a piece of butter, and some eggs—the only payment he could make. But more than any gold that could be brought were the thanks of the poor Tibetans.

So through the years Dr. Shelton worked, healing, teaching, preaching, winning the people's confidence. No man in all that land was so looked up to and loved by these primitive peoples as "the big doctor."

At this point there came a new great opening of the trail that thrilled Dr. Shelton with the feeling that at last his greatest dream was to come true. He had asked permission to go into the mysterious sacred city of Tibet, Lhasa. A letter had come from the supreme ruler—the Dalai Lama—in August, 1918, to say that "if there is nothing in existing treaties to keep you from coming to Lhasa, I will put no hindrance in your way."

He made up his mind to go. Here was the last great forbidden land in the world, about to open. In all that country there was no school, no hospital, no playground, no road, no church, save the little school, the hospital, the church of twenty-five Christians which had gathered around Dr. Shelton and his friends at Batang, on the eastern border. There was, they were confident, no treaty to keep an American from going freely to and fro in Tibet.

Dr. Shelton's two daughters, Doris and Dorothy,

were fifteen and twelve years old at this time, so the hour had come when they must go home to America to be educated there. It was decided that their mother should go with them. Dr. Shelton was to take them down through China as far as Yunnanfu^{*} and return for this new adventure into the unknown—to Lhasa.

The people in Batang loved intensely, not only "the big doctor," but Mrs. Shelton and the two girls who had lived among them all their lives. It did not seem possible to say good-by; it was too painful. So, to avoid the pain of parting, the Sheltons arranged to start away very early in the morning. But the schoolboys and the older people, hearing of this, had gone down the road and slept by the wayside so that their beloved friends should not escape without farewells.¹

Four carriers with bright red turbans on their heads and long gray robes of wool, carried Mrs. Shelton in a sedan-chair, and the three servants—Andru, Drashi, and Shen-si—who had looked after the girls since they were babies and who cooked their meals, walked with them.

For a day and half a day as they went from Batang, their home, down toward the Yangtze River, all the way along they found people gathered by the roadside to bid them farewell.

At length they were fully in China again, and they went on their long trek toward the ocean, the

¹ November 18, 1919.

girls and the father on mules, and the mother in the chair. But after they had ridden day after day for a month on the mules, the girls were dreadfully tired, and the father hired sedan-chairs so that they might rest.

At night they slept under the open sky. Sometimes their four hammock beds would be slung on the roadside under the edge of a cliff. Lying there, they could see the camp-fire burning and the men sitting round it, and far off, the stars and the snow-ridge of mountains. Another night they would lie on the pine needles in the wonderful forests, where, as Mrs. Shelton said, "the pines were so tall and straight that all the masts for all the ships in the world could be made from them, could they but be got to the sea." There a blazing bonfire of pine branches cooked their supper and warmed them in the cold night air.

Another night the snow was coming down, and the doctor put an oil sheet carefully over Doris, Dorothy, Mother, and then himself, and they slept through the night with the snow falling upon them as the leaves brought by the birds fell on the "Babes in the Wood."

One day they would be skirting a lake, and the doctor's gun would get them duck for supper. And always they had the wild mountain-sides, with the trees and the monasteries of the Buddhist monks and the clouds and space and wonder of the sky and of rock and river valley.

In the doctor's saddle-bag were three books—Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, which he always carried because the doctor in that story was one of his ideal heroes; a small New Testament; and a volume of the pungent, strong poems of Robert Service. "A Doctor of the Old School," said Dr. Shelton, referring to the great character in the first book, "is my ideal, after Jesus and David Livingstone."

This journey was a great experience for the whole family. But they grew tired of the unbroken travel day after day for over forty days. Shortly, however, they would be at Yunnanfu and find friends there and take a rest.

From a village which ought to have given them a large military escort, only four soldiers came with them. Suddenly, on the third of January,¹ in the middle of the day, when Dr. Shelton was riding along on his mule some seventy yards behind the chairs, one of the soldiers who were with them, rushed back, shouting, "Robbers! Robbers!"

Leaping in front of Dr. Shelton's mule, the soldier fired his gun off uselessly into the air and then rushed—not in the direction of the robbers, but in flight, back along the road by which they had come.

Grabbing his gun from its sling where it hung by his mule's side, Dr. Shelton dashed toward the sedan-chairs. He now saw that the firing

¹ 1920.

was coming from rocky bluffs on the left of the road. Mrs. Shelton and the two girls were crouching behind the chairs for shelter as the shots were flying in all directions. One bullet went through the thermos flask that Mrs. Shelton had in her chair, but she was untouched.

The robbers rushed down from the rocks to Dr. Shelton, one waving a large pistol, another a great sword. The leader of this group of bandits told the doctor he must come with him to the robber-chief.

"Do not leave us," begged Mrs. Shelton. But the doctor knew that he must go. He had no alternative. They led him up to the top of the Pass where the Chief stood with twenty men around him.

Suddenly there was a bang, and another, and a bullet came humming up from the valley. The soldiers, who had rushed away, had given the alarm and brought others back with them. The head man of the brigands hurriedly ordered his men to rush Dr. Shelton up the mountain.

"I shall hold you for ransom," he said.

So they forced Dr. Shelton to mount his mule. Turning, he could see his wife and daughters in the chairs down in the valley. His heart was heavy, for soldiers had come up and a battle was in full swing.

The robbers on the road below tried to rush Mrs. Shelton up the side of the bluff from which they had made their first shots. But she could not pos-

sibly climb the hill. They forced her to go into the chair and shouted to the chair-carriers to take her up.

"It is impossible," they said, "to climb the steep mountain-side with a loaded chair."

"I shall go down into those hollows," said Mrs. Shelton, "to shelter from the bullets."

With Doris and Dorothy and the Tibetan servants, Andru, Drashi, and Shen-si, she made a dash for shelter. The firing from the soldiers came so thick and fast that the robbers gave up their idea of capturing Mrs. Shelton and the girls, and ran away up the mountain-side and were soon hidden from view. When the firing was over, Mrs. Shelton and the girls and servants came out from their shelter and, guarded by soldiers, went down to the village of Lao-Yao-Kwan. There they waited, listening and waiting night and day for the coming of the doctor. Every footstep in the dead of night made them jump up to see whether he was coming. For two days they stayed there. Then there came into the village a fine, sturdy, bearded French Catholic missionary, Père Bailly, who has lived in Yunnan for a third of a century and whom all the Chinese there love as the Tibetans loved Dr. Shelton. Actually, the bandit-chief, Yang Tien-fu, had written a note to Père Bailly and sent it by a running messenger, to say, "I have captured a German (!). Will you see

that his wife and daughters are taken safely to Yunnan?"

It seems very strange and mysterious that a brigand should write to a missionary. The reason why the bandit-chief had written to Père Bailly is interesting, and it is necessary for us to understand it, as this explains, first, why Dr. Shelton was captured and, secondly, the final outcome of the adventure.

Yang Tien-fu, the robber-chief, had been a good Chinese soldier. But the government had not paid him his wage for over five months. He decided to collect his pay himself, and went out with a few others to get the money from the caravans traveling along the great highway. He was hunted like a wild beast in the mountains.

As a robber, he became rich; but he wanted to be a soldier and a citizen again. Also, the Yunnan governor had locked up Yang Tien-fu's wife and children, and the brigand wanted to get to them and have them living with him again.

He had asked Père Bailly, whom he had known very well when a soldier, whether he would ask the French consul to try and get the Chinese government to take the bandit back as a soldier. Père Bailly tried, but failed. Thereupon, Yang Tien-fu decided to capture a foreigner and hold him to ransom for his own freedom and for his restoration as a soldier and for the freedom of his

wife and children. That is why he captured Dr. Shelton.

The good French father, therefore, came to take Mrs. Shelton to Yunnanfu. Then he threw himself with all his power for week after week into trying to get the doctor set free. Indeed, so great was his anxiety over this that Père Bailly's hair went quite white in a fortnight after Dr. Shelton's capture.

Meanwhile, Dr. Shelton was hurried up the mountain-side on his mule. Some of the soldiers pursued the brigands to try to rescue him. But the robbers forced the pace, the firing gradually died away, and all was quiet.

As the sun set and darkness came on, they stopped for a short rest in camp. The brigand band gathered together—seventy-one of them, Dr. Shelton counted. Soon fires were blazing and supper was cooked. But there was still the fear of pursuit; so at ten o'clock at night they started on again farther into the hills.

The next morning the head man came to Dr. Shelton and ordered him to write a letter to be carried down to the valley to say that if soldiers were sent to rescue him, the robbers would kill him. Dr. Shelton refused to write this.

"I do not want to hurt you, really," said the bandit-chief; "I want to get my own place as a soldier back and get my family free."

For day after day and for week after week, Dr.

Shelton was dragged about from place to place by the bandits. The story of his sufferings he wrote in the blank pages of the three books in his saddlebags, beginning in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*.

All day the robbers gambled and worshiped their tablets and smoked opium. They had captured a hundred horse-loads of opium. Half of it was taken from the caravans of the Governor of Yunnan, who, himself, had the reputation of being the greatest opium dealer in that part of China. Dr. Shelton counted nineteen different kinds of guns and eight kinds of pistols in the motley armory of the robber gang. Some had modern rifles, others old firelocks; some primitive pistols, others Colt automatic revolvers.

The robber-chief, Yang Tien-fu, kept moving about and putting guards out all around because the government had offered five thousand dollars to anyone who would take him, dead or alive.

Dr. Shelton healed the wounds that the robbers got in their fighting, and at length the chief himself asked Dr. Shelton to join the robber-band—surely the first missionary who was ever honored by such an offer. The brigands showed their tremendous faith in him when they asked him to be treasurer of the whole gang and hold all their money. None of them would trust any of the others; but all of them would trust him.

“Stay with us,” said the robber-chief, “and be the pastor and the doctor and the treasurer for

me and my men. I will pay you twelve thousand dollars a year, and you shall have half of it immediately on starting your duties."

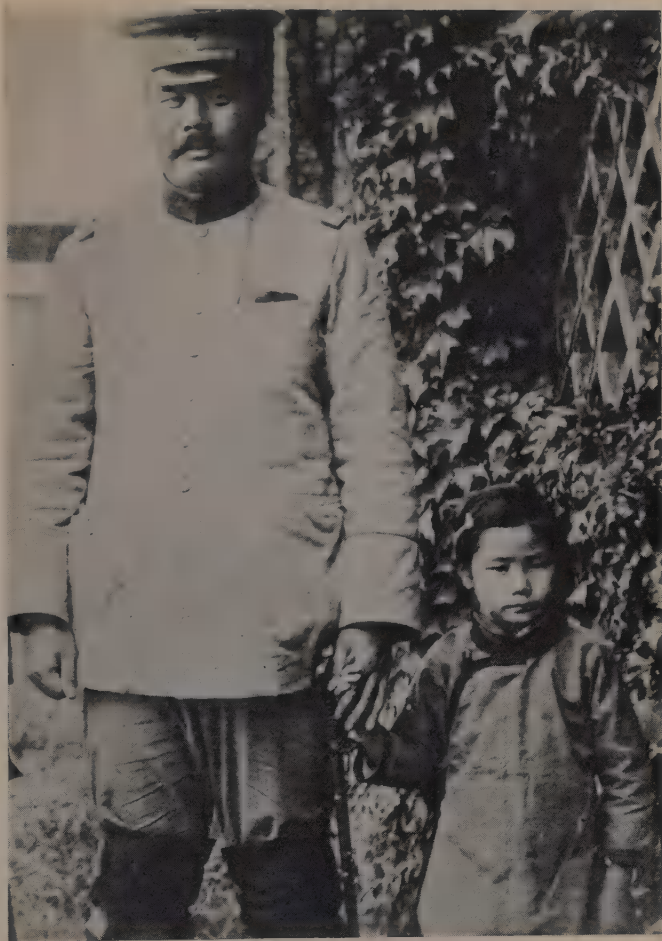
He was in deadly earnest and was very much disappointed when Dr. Shelton refused. The interesting thing is that Dr. Shelton himself was attracted by the offer.

"If I were a young man," he said in his diary on the end pages of Ian Maclaren's novel, "more than anything else would I like to go with these bandits and be a pastor to them. It would be a great opportunity to do the Lord's work. Why wasn't I born twins or triplets? It is good to speak a word for the Lord Jesus when men's hearts are longing for the right."

Dr. Shelton with that big human heart of his could see the longing of Yang Tien-fu and some of the others to go back to a life that was straight. Because the government troops were given no pay, new soldiers were constantly joining Yang Tien-fu's band. One entire company of soldiers joined *en bloc* while Dr. Shelton was with them.

The robber-chief was demanding that in return for releasing Dr. Shelton he should have pardon for all his robberies; that he and his men should be taken back into citizenship; that his family should be released; that he should receive two hundred rifles and twenty thousand cartridges.

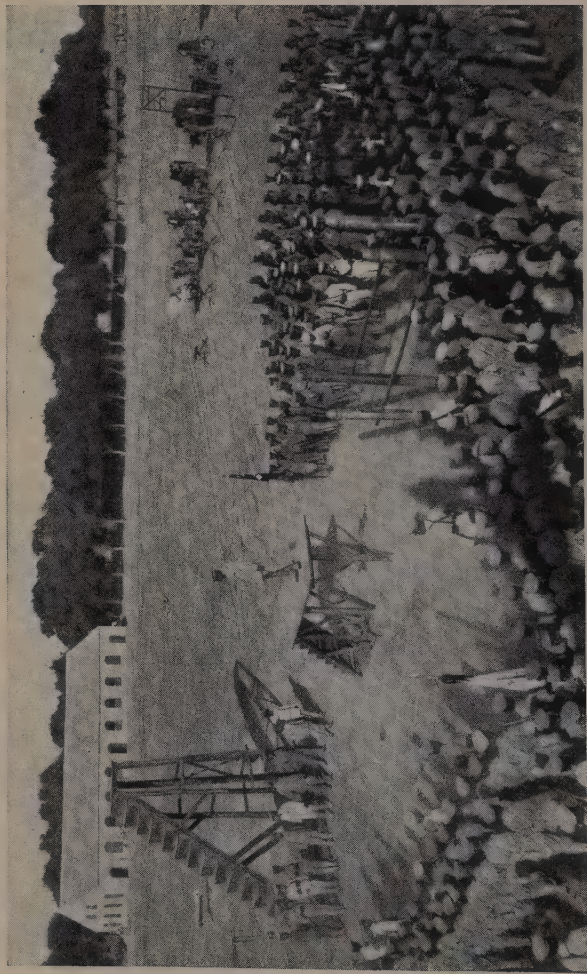
Two or three times letters were brought through to Dr. Shelton from his wife and daughters, who



GENERAL FENG AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER

As big in mind as he is in body, General Feng, Field-marshal of China, is perhaps the greatest Torchbearer general the world has ever seen.

—Chapter VI



GENERAL FENG ADDRESSING HIS OFFICERS

An army was in the town but not such an army as any man in Changte had believed could exist. . . . This was a *Christian* army. Of those ten thousand men the great majority were confessed Christians, won to Jesus Christ mainly through the life and example of the General they almost worshiped.

—Chapter VI

looked every day for a runner with a message from their father. But none came.

One day, to Dr. Shelton's joy, Père Bailly came right into Yang Tien-fu's camp and said to the bandit:

"Your wife and family are at my home. The Governor has sent them. I want you to send Dr. Shelton there, too."

But the robber-chief did not trust the Government. He would not do this. However, after holding Dr. Shelton prisoner a whole month, he consented, but in the meantime Mrs. Shelton and the girls had been removed to Yunnanfu. So Dr. Shelton went down under a strong guard of robbers and enjoyed with great zest getting a bath and bed and good food.

"I got my clothes back," he confided to his diary, "had a good bath, and sent my dirty clothes to be washed in a Christian manner. The priest says that at the most three or four days will mark the end of the affair, and I will see the end of the robbers. A score of them are guarding me, even here. Once more I have coffee to drink. His dogs come to see me before I am up and want to get into bed with me. I took a picture of the old gentleman this morning. I am at a perfect loss to know how to repay his kindness. He has given his entire time for a month, working for my release."

Late one night the robber spies came running in and said that the Government's troops were

secretly surrounding the place. Yang Tien-fu seized Dr. Shelton and, with his own wife and family, at midnight dashed off through the darkness, eluding the encircling soldiers. By dawn they were in the mountains again, and Dr. Shelton was farther than ever from freedom.

Dr. Shelton was desperate. He rode his mule into the midst of a great crowd of the bandits who were round Yang Tien-fu where some of the bandits were pleading to be allowed to leave the gang.

"Stand all of us who want to go back against the wall and shoot us," he cried.

To his diary he confides his desperate plan.

"At least fifty are ready for resistance. I have dysentery and have had it for thirteen days. It is getting worse. If something doesn't happen, I'll fight Yang for the leadership of the band. I can command half of them now. I might be killed in the struggle, but I want to help those who want to do right. 'Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.'"

Down in Yunnanfu, Mrs. Shelton was in despair now that her husband's freedom, which had seemed so near, appeared to be further off than ever.

Then Shen-si, the Chinese cook, came to his mistress and said:

"I will carry a letter from you to my master."

The French consul gave him a passport. The magistrate of the town nearest to the bandit sent a couple of men to guide him. It was a daring

thing to do, for the bandit-chief was in no merciful mood; but it was for love of Dr. Shelton and the mother and girls that Shen-si attempted it.

He strode up to the guards who were watching round the camp, and they led him to Yang Tien-fu, behind whom Shen-si saw a bearded, weak man, all ragged save for his leather cow-boy breeches. When he realized that this was his strong, tall, powerful master, Shen-si's eyes filled with tears. Dr. Shelton had lost forty pounds in weight. When Shen-si returned to Mrs. Shelton he carried with him the book, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, which Dr. Shelton had sent by him, with the diary on its spare pages. He also brought back Dr. Shelton's camera with a roll of snap-shots in it, pictures of the bandits, which Mrs. Shelton arranged to have developed.

The chase of the bandits by the soldiers now became very severe. Mrs. Shelton had wired to the Foreign Christian Mission (Disciples) in East China for help. A rescue party was formed, with Dr. Elliott Osgood of that Mission at Chu-chow in it. Colonel Drysdale, military attaché to the American Legation in China, was already in Yunnanfu when Dr. Osgood arrived and he began to scour the country.

The robber-chief was now forced to rush to and fro over the country at all hours, to escape. He dragged Dr. Shelton with him, though he was desperately ill and getting weaker every hour and

suffering agonies of pain. Yang Tien-fu's tactics were brilliant. He sent a body of his men to lay a false trail, while he went in another direction. Dr. Shelton, to his chagrin, watched the soldiers on a ridge following the false trail.

The bandits had to leave beaten tracks. They would plunge sheer down a mountain-side and the doctor would have to slide down on his leather clothes; then, plunging through the valley jungle, they would climb the mountain on the other side.

At last Dr. Shelton was absolutely too weak to move.

"Do what you like with me," he said, "but walk I cannot and will not."

They fitted up a rough stretcher, and the men carried the sick man on their shoulders. On one occasion they hurried him along for thirty-seven hours without stopping, the soldiers in pursuit.

At last Yang Tien-fu saw that he could not drag the doctor along any farther. He would die if he did so. He therefore told off three guards to stay with him.

"Hide him in the straw," he said, "in the loft of that barn. If he dies, bury him where no one can know. If he becomes better, send messengers to me."

Dr. Shelton lay in the straw under the roof of the barn, with no light save a hole where he had had a loose brick removed. Despite his weakness, he kept a record of his experiences in his diary.

"It looks as though the end of my work was at hand," he wrote; "I hoped to accomplish so much, only to wind up in a hole like this."

But Dr. Shelton did not grow worse. One day the guards, seeing that he was getting a little better, ran off to tell their chief and ask what they should do with him. They left an old Chinese man in charge.

The sun was setting when the old man shouted in terror to Dr. Shelton, "The soldiers are coming!" and fled for his life.

Dr. Shelton at once crawled slowly out of the barn, down into the street, and tottered along. The village was deserted, for the people dreaded the coming of the soldiers. He met the Chinese runner who had brought the news of the soldiers, persuaded him to help him walk, and, leaning on his arm for a quarter of a mile, got to another village.

There he would have collapsed, had not help been at hand. There was no horse, not even a chair to be had, so eight men came together and twisted ropes made of grass round his waist. With these for holds, they carried him to the next village, which was a Christian village. The Christians there gathered with joy around the doctor. They did everything that they could to help. They brought two small ponies, planning for him to ride to Yien-mo, forty miles away. While it was still dark, at half-past four in the morning, the Chinese

Christians in that village knelt to pray that God would protect the doctor, and then they lifted him on to the pony's back. During the journey, when one pony became tired with his weight, they lifted him to the other; for "the big doctor" weighed two hundred pounds even then and in full health weighed two hundred and forty.

At noon next day, the doctor, weary almost to death, was led staggering into the *yamen* of the Chinese official at Yien-mo. This mandarin could hardly believe his eyes or ears. When he had recovered his senses, he telephoned to Wu-tung where the American relief party had centered its work. They telephoned to Yunnanfu to Mrs. Shelton, and word came back to Yien-mo to tell the official to bring the doctor along.

Dr. Shelton was put into a chair and carried to Yunnanfu, with a strong guard against bandits. Suddenly, in the distance, there came in sight a body of marching men. They were soldiers who had come from Wu-tung to rescue him. The Americans and British in the party were the first men of his own tongue he had seen or spoken to for nine dreadful weeks.

They reached Wu-tung, and not an hour later Mrs. Shelton was called up on the telephone at Yunnanfu. When she put her ear to the receiver, she heard with joy the voice of her husband calling.

As he came near the walls of Yunnanfu some days later, over five hundred people poured out to

greet and welcome him. But he had eyes for only three—an American woman and two girls, who had said their prayers for him day after day and night after night through all the weeks of the horror of captivity.

Dr. Shelton returned to America with his family, and here he was healed, though his splendid vitality was broken by the horrors of those weeks with the brigands. As he grew stronger, his face turned again across the world to Tibet. A wonderful chance of blazing a new trail, we remember, had opened. In the last four months before he left Tibet and was captured, he had found more friendliness among that most exclusive people in the world, the Tibetans of the hidden, mysterious Lhasa region, than in all the previous fifteen years. From the General of all the Tibetan forces down to the humblest soldier, he had found friendship—all of it a reflection of the strong manly smile that played on his own face.

Even when some man came to him to say how much he hated "the foreign devil," Dr. Shelton would put his great strong hand on the man's shoulder and say whimsically, "Now you should smile when you say that."

And somehow it generally came about that the man did smile and forgot how to hate this great, burly, brotherly, manly, helpful "foreign devil."

No one ever had such a way with officials as Dr.

Shelton. He would walk into the reception room of a mandarin who was accustomed to people bumping their heads on the ground as they approached and would genially talk to him in a familiar kindly way, and even run his hand through the official's hair in a quaint way. They could not have stood it from anyone else, but somehow they loved it from him.

No missionary had ever been in Lhasa, the Forbidden City. The message had come from the Supreme Lama that Shelton might go to Lhasa. The doctor himself had opened the trail with his healing hand.

He felt he must go to seize this opportunity.

"I am aching to get back to Tibet," he said to his friend Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones in America; "I am needed more there than I am here. I can't say I am at home here; I know I am there," and he waved his hand across the roofs of the skyscrapers toward the "Roof of the World."

His daughters were left to take their true heritage of education in their own land. His wife could not go back to Tibet; but she was to go to India with the manuscripts of new books that she had, with others, translated into the Tibetan language in which she is one of the greatest experts. The books were to be printed in India for use on the borders of Tibet.

So Mrs. Shelton crossed the Pacific with her husband to Shanghai; then she went on to India,

and he went up the long river-way into the heart of Asia, back to the "Roof of the World."

When he was going on a perilous journey, Dr. Shelton always used to take down from its shelf the *Life of David Livingstone*, for the spirit of the great pathfinder into Africa gave him heart and hope and inspiration for his own exploration.

At length he was in Batang, planning to make his way over the mountain passes to Lhasa. He decided first to go to Gartok to make sure of lines opening out for the farther journey which he hoped to take in the spring-time—to the Sacred City of Tibet, the goal of his life, the city whose streets the feet of a Christian missionary have never trod.

When he came out of his house in Batang that mid-February morning, he found that the children of his colleague had tied a valentine to his saddle. In his pocket he had the last letters from America written by his daughters, Doris and Dorothy.

The hoofs of the horses and mules clattered up the rough mountain road as Dr. Shelton, his friend, a Tibetan prince, Gwei Tsen Chi,—deposed by the Chinese,—the cook, Gezongongdii, his interpreter, and six baggage mules, set out together on their adventure of friendship into the wilds of Eastern Tibet. As they were climbing about half a mile from Batang, more travelers were heard, coming from behind. Turning, Dr. Shelton found that they were two soldiers from the *yamen* in Batang,—the Chinese official headquarters,—sent to be

the escort he had requested two days earlier.

"But why are you unarmed?" asked the doctor. "You know that the bandits are about."

They had no reply to make; but they went forward with him along the road, with no arms for defence against robbers.

All through the day they traveled, up and down over the passes, under cliffs, and along broad valleys in that crumbled, rocky land. As the sun sank in the western sky and shone in their faces, they came down into the town of Drubalong. A messenger came running to the doctor and handed him a letter from the Governor of the province that he was about to enter. It said that he had orders to forbid all foreigners to go into the land unless they had permission from the Galon Lama, who ruled at Gartok. England, they said, had given orders that no foreigners were to enter Tibet.

So Gezongongdii, the interpreter, wrote a letter to the Galon Lama which said, "My purpose in coming to Gartok is to pay a friendly visit to yourself."

Dr. Shelton knew that he must wait for some days for an answer; so he turned back the next morning and started to return along the mountain trail to his home in Batang. All through the morning he rode. At length they came to a place where the road winds in and out among the mountains along the side of a cliff. At one place the road turns sharply to the east at a right angle.

Above the road the cliff rises sheer, like the side of a house.

Dr. Shelton was riding ahead. As he swung round the corner, there was the crack of a rifle. A highwayman, crouching behind a thornbush on the north side of the cliff above the road, had fired. The bullet went right through Dr. Shelton's elbow, shattering the bone to fragments—then through his side, deep into his body.

He fell heavily from his mule to the road. The highwaymen fired a volley of shots, and the air was thick with pinging bullets. The Tibetans and the Chinese escort leaped for cover under the west side of the road. Some of the robbers ran back to drive Dr. Shelton's loaded mules away into the mountains; others jumped down to the road and took all his things from his pockets, including his daughters' letters, and then ran for their lives.

Prince Gwei Tsen Chi leaped on to his horse and galloped over the remaining miles to Batang to bring Dr. Hardy, his colleague, to bind up Shelton's wounds. Meanwhile, with wonderful grip on himself, Dr. Shelton took his riding whip and a handkerchief and with them made a tourniquet with which to try to stop the bleeding from his own side, having first swabbed his wounds with iodine.

At four o'clock the galloping hoofs of Gwei Tsen Chi's horse clattered into Batang. In a few minutes Dr. Hardy had heard the tragic story. He

rose, seized first-aid dressings and a rubber bandage, swung on to the Prince's horse, and in forty minutes had urged the sweating beast to the very crest of the pass. Behind him, on foot, came bearers with a stretcher. Going with all the speed possible down on the other side of the pass, he was soon at the wounded man's side.

Dr. Shelton was unconscious.

Binding up the wounds afresh, Dr. Hardy put him on the stretcher, and the group moved eastward and homeward to Batang. Once or twice Dr. Shelton became conscious for a few moments during the four hours of slow, careful traveling over the road that Dr. Hardy had covered in one hour.

Two and a half hours later, in the dead of night, in Batang, the soul of the great trail-breaker to Tibet went out on to the Unknown Trail above even the "Roof of the World."

Albert Shelton, a man still in the prime of life, was killed by the men he spent his great strength and skill to serve. He healed others; himself he could not heal. They knew not what they did.

He leaves in Tibet a trail that he opened and along which he went, Torch in hand. But he fell before he reached the goal, and the Torch waits for other hands to carry it on with the light undimmed.

He could say in the words spoken to the youth of the world by David Livingstone, the man who

was, next to Jesus, his supreme hero, "Do you carry out the work which I have begun. . . . I leave it to you."

As he passed away, a letter—almost his last letter to his beloved wife and daughters—was being carried by the Chinese postbearers down the mountain paths to the Yangtze River. The letter went by boat down the long reaches of the river and then across the Pacific to America, where it rests among the sacred memorials of "the big doctor" of Tibet. In it he said:

BATANG

December 26

Christmas at the church. . . . Doris and Dorothy. Nearly all the girls cried when they saw your pictures and asked how long it would be before you could come back; and I cried, too. I was so lonesome for you and Mammy all day. . . . I think yesterday was about the saddest day of my life. I love you all so much.

January 4

. . . I'm awfully tired. I'm getting old fast, for some reason or other. I don't think I'll be able to keep the pace for many years longer. *Some of you younger ones must come and go on. I'm so glad there is a bunch of you getting ready that will see to it that the work will never cease.*

V

HU KING ENG—TRAIL BREAKER

HU YONG MI was furiously angry and did not care who knew it. His voice rang stridently through the big, echoing rooms of the mandarin's splendid house, poured like a raging torrent through the flimsy paper windows, drifted across the courtyard and made itself heard even in the servants' quarters. For a moment they were startled, for Hu Yong Mi was a follower of the gentle Buddha and was given to much contemplation of the mysteries of life. It must be something out of the ordinary to make him shout like this, something well worth investigating.

Leaving their many tasks, they trooped off in a body and, soft-footed as cats, made their way to the room inside which was gathered the family of the Military Mandarin of Foochow. Grinning with delight, each man put an ear to the cracks round the door and strained to hear every word of the biggest row they had known in their years of service.

Hu Yong Mi was still shouting at the top of his voice. He had been rudely shocked from his placid life by the news that his elder brother had become a Christian, and it roused him to savage intolerance. He would a thousand times rather

have heard that his brother was dead than a follower of the "foreign devils' religion." He was determined now that he should either repent of his errors or that he should be cleared out of the house.

"This shame of your honorable self has cast out the family idols and refused to burn incense before the Ancestral Tablets," he cried shrilly. "The foreign devils have bewitched him with their magic, and he has forgotten in a day all that the venerable sages of China have taught. A son's duty is to obey and serve his father and his ancestors, and this misbegotten thing who defiles your magnificent house refuses to either obey or serve. Call him in now and make him give up this madness, or let us be of one mind and with the beating of drums drive him out of the house forever."

The Mandarin stroked his scanty beard with his long, tapering fingers. His smooth face was almost without expression, only the restless movement of his hands betraying his agitation. He was in a difficulty. In his secret heart he rather sympathised with his elder son, and Hu Yong's bigoted anger did not stir him. Yet this was a serious thing his elder son had done in taking down the family idols and refusing to burn the incense sticks before the tablets. Both the gods and the spirits of his famous ancestors would be angered and they might vent their wrath in unpleasant ways.

What should he do? Which son should he side

with? Fear of spirits had always played a large part in his life, and Hu Yong had skilfully used that fear. But love for his elder son was an even bigger thing, and he would not follow the angry Buddhist's suggestion that he be driven from the house. Possibly time might work a change. Young men are likely to take up with strange fancies and drop them after a time, when their novelty has worn off. He had lived long and seen such things happen often. So now he refused to do as Hu Yong demanded, and, instead, commanded that the elder son be left alone.

The listening servants slipped away as the sudden stopping of the loud voices told that the altercation was over, and Hu Yong Mi came out of the room. He was still bitterly angry and intolerant, and, after the way of angry men, looked round him for someone or something on which to expend his rage. On the hunt for trouble he came at last to his father's library—and almost the first thing he saw was a Chinese Bible, left there by his Christian brother!

Nothing could have suited his temper better. With a savage cry of unreasoning hate, he seized the bulky book and with his strong fingers soon ripped and tore it to shreds. When there was not a single page left untorn and the floor was littered with the mutilated Book, he looked down on the mess with unholy joy. In the madness of his

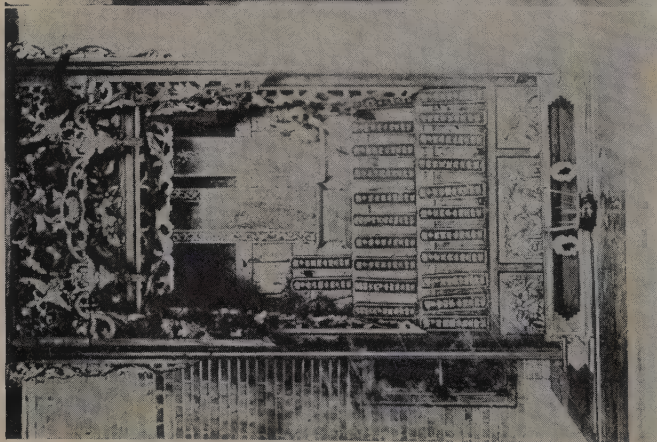


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ENTRANCE TO THE NORTHERN TOMB, MOUKDEN

It was a land, the boys discovered, in which there were learned men and palaces, great cities and books in the days when the white man was painted with blue woad and wore the skins of animals.

—*Prologue*



Courtesy Canton Christian College

ANCESTRAL TABLETS OF A CANTONESE
FAMILY



© Asia

TAOIST PRIESTS WORSHIPING THE GODS
OF GOOD FORTUNE AND SUCCESS

It was a serious thing the brother of Hu Yong Mi had done in refusing to burn the incense sticks before the tablets. The spirits of his famous ancestors would be

anger it seemed to him that he had struck a blow at the foreign Faith his brother had accepted—that this was a sign that he could tear it as easily from his brother's heart.

But as he looked, the joy faded from his face. Staring up at him from a score of fragments was the Name he hated, "Yesu" (Jesus). It seemed to mock him in his childish rage; to say that though he might rip and tear, he could never get rid of that Name. He looked round him wildly for a knife with which to stab those little pieces of paper, as in his rage he would have stabbed the One Who bore that Name. He could not find a knife in the big room, so, stooping down, he began to tear those fragments into still smaller shreds. But the task was too great. The more he tore, the more he seemed to find those which shouted "Yesu" at him, and at last he gave up the task as hopeless and went raging to his room.

Hu Yong Mi, the proud son of the Military Mandarin of Foochow, seemed farthest from Christianity of all the men in China that day. So did Saul of Tarsus when he went to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughters." And like Saul of Tarsus, Hu Yong Mi eventually went through a great change.

No great light suddenly flashed upon him from heaven to make him see his folly; it was the changed life of his elder brother which slowly

opened the eyes of the Buddhist who was so earnestly seeking the secret of noble living, until at last he saw that there was a power in the Name of Jesus such as he could not find anywhere else. If the "foreign devils" had used magic upon his brother, it was a magic which made him a better man, and the day came when Hu Yong Mi forsook the teachings of Buddha and openly joined his brother as a follower of Jesus.

From being a bitter persecutor of the Faith he had not understood, Hu Yong now became its most fervent preacher in Foochow. He was clever and highly educated, skilled in the use of words, and able to more than hold his own with those who had been his old companions. The missionaries watched him carefully, and at length suggested to him that he should become a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The idea appealed strongly to Hu Yong. It would open many doors for the service to which he had pledged his life. But there was one big drawback. He was told that he would have to leave Foochow and go wherever he was sent.

He did not mind that for himself, for he had faced the fact that now he was a Christian he would almost certainly have to leave his old home. But he was married to a dainty little lady who came of one of the most aristocratic families of Foochow, and, according to the customs which govern the lives of Chinese ladies of high rank, she had

never been more than three miles from her home. In his perplexity he went home and said to her:

"The honorable missionaries have paid me an honor of which I am altogether unworthy. They have asked me to become a minister of the church."

His wife had become a Christian, and her first thought was simply that of delight at the honor paid to the man she loved. So she said gladly, "Of course you will accept?"

"I would like to, but there are other things to think of. We should have to leave Foochow and, it may be, travel to distant places. Also, we should have to live among the people—not in big houses such as you have always known, but in small, mean houses. You would not have such friends as you have known, and I fear lest you should be unhappy."

His wife looked at him, reading his thought. She knew he was thinking only of her, that for himself he was ready and eager to endure poverty and loneliness to teach his people the Faith which meant everything to him. And the little lady who had known nothing but luxury all her life had as fine a soul as Hu Yong Mi. She glanced round at the big room with its costly furniture and many evidences of refinement, and instantly gave up everything.

"It matters not to what place you are called; if you are willing to go, I will go with you," she said softly.

Their first circuit might well have caused the hearts of the young minister and his wife to sink. They were sent to live among some of the poorest people in China. It was a dingy, squalid town. Piles of refuse were stacked in front of the miserable houses, and the stench which rose from the filthy ditches in the streets was an offense to heaven. Pigs, cows, sheep, fowls, all shared the hovels in which the people lived. There were no chairs or any other furniture, and the overworked coolies had not time to wash their faces or comb their hair. Yet neither Hu Yong nor his dainty little wife looked back with regret on the old luxury. They were bringing the light of a great hope to a people who had never known the meaning of hope, and they were well content.

And because they were such splendid characters, King Eng, their little daughter, became in later days a Pioneer—a Breaker of New Trails. Her father and mother had not hesitated to leave home and wealth to serve the poorest of the people, and she inherited from them that fine courage which dares to go out from the known and secure and face all the perils of the unknown. Her father and mother could look on dirt and squalor and evil with only a great pity, and she, also, went in her turn where the need was greatest, and changed dirt and evil by the magic of a great love.

Her father and mother had called her King Eng, which is Chinese for "Precious Peace," and in that

first charge of theirs she was about all the peace they knew! Her earliest memory of her father was listening as she lay in bed to the sound of his voice as he talked long and earnestly to one inquiring of him the meaning of Christianity, while stones and bricks came crashing through the paper windows or burst against the shabby walls of their poor house. She grew up with the knowledge that he was hated and feared by the very people he tried to serve, but she never once heard him speak angrily or impatiently of them.

For a long time King Eng cherished a real girlish grievance against her father, and thought him most unreasonable and cruel. Her mother's feet were exactly three inches long. They were the "lily-feet" so much admired by the Chinese and secured only by binding them tightly in babyhood. But her father, Hu Yong Mi, had come to see that the old custom was both cruel and foolish, and flatly refused to allow his wife to bind up little King Eng's small feet. She should have natural feet, and never pass through the misery and pain involved in so twisting and deforming them.

That was the nearest he ever came to quarreling with his wife. At that time there was not a single well-born girl in all South China who had natural feet, and not a man save Hu Yong Mi had ever suggested that the custom was wrong. She begged and pleaded with him to let her do as others did and bind up her little girl's feet, but Hu Yong re-

fused. He was breaking a trail for the future women of China, and was strong enough not to let even the wife he loved turn him from following the light he had seen.

King Eng was not long in discovering that the breaking of trails is not an easy thing. When she was old enough to run about, her feet became a nightmare to her. In comparison with those of other girls they seemed enormous, and she became an object of derision. Everyone in the town used to jeer at her as she passed, calling after her with ineffable scorn, "Feet!"

It stung her pride and made her miserable. Constantly she begged her mother to bind up her feet and so prevent them from growing any bigger, but without success. Hu Yong had been so stern in his command that his wife dared not disobey, much as she wished to. She could only hope that King Eng would get used to the sneers and cease to feel so bitterly about them.

Yet time only made things worse, for the unbound feet grew still bigger. One day King Eng came home in tears. The cruel teasing had been specially bad, and she vowed she would never go out again. Hu Yong was away, visiting a distant village and not likely to be home again for some little while. Her mother listened to the girl's sobs with an aching heart, and finally decided that she would take matters into her own hands.

Taking some long bandages, she bent the four

smaller toes under King Eng's foot and began to bind them firmly. The pain was intense, for all the bones were being wrenched and twisted, but, when her mother asked her if she could bear it, all King Eng replied was, "A little tighter, please!"

But when Hu Yong came home the bandages were swiftly removed! He talked long and patiently with his wife, and at last made her see with him that the custom was silly and cruel, and that it was for them to be the pioneers in a movement which would make it possible for little children to run about and play as God meant them to, instead of having to sit in helpless misery.

King Eng had not finished her efforts to become a martyr to fashion, though. She could not make her mother try again, but there were others who would, and she waited for a suitable moment. It came when she was sent to pay a visit to a relative, an old lady who was horrified when she saw the girl's huge feet. That night King Eng lay tossing sleeplessly, in agony with her tortured feet, but grimly bearing the pain in the hope that henceforth she would never hear again the sneers that had caused her so much misery.

When the visit was over, she returned home with a vast pride. True, she waddled like a duck and had to be supported on both sides, but she had something like the coveted "lily-feet," and no one had called after her in the street.

Her mother was ill at the time, but, when she

saw what had happened, she ordered the bandages to be taken off and burned. From that day King Eng's feet never had another bandage upon them. For the first time in the province of Fukien a girl of good family had natural feet on which she could run instead of waddle. King Eng was not satisfied and still wept many times over her "deformity," as she persisted in thinking it, but the day came when she learned to glory in the fact that in this matter she had broken a trail which other girls were beginning to follow.

Her education began in the Foochow Boarding School for Girls, and there she broke another trail. No musical education was given in the school at that time, music not being considered necessary for Chinese girls. King Eng, however, suddenly developed a passion for music, and begged to be taught. Nothing could stop her. She was so persistent that at last the wife of one of the missionaries gave her lessons on the organ. King Eng soon learned to play, and so brilliantly that her success led to an appeal for higher education for Chinese girls, which should include music and English. That appeal was sent in 1883 by the native pastors of Foochow. It changed the whole course of education in that province of China, and you would today find many girls who can enjoy and give the joy that comes from lovely music beautifully played.

During her school days King Eng thought much

of the future. She had lived all her life among those who thought a life was wasted unless spent in the service of others, and she had grown to share that belief. She wanted to help China—and the open doors of service for a Chinese girl were very few! Finally she decided to be a nurse, and with that intention went as soon as her school days were over to the Foochow Women's Hospital to study medicine and surgery.

Dr. Trask, the American lady in charge of the hospital, had trained many Chinese girls as nurses, but she quickly discovered that King Eng was different from any of the others. She was so adaptable, so quick to pick up new knowledge, and so sympathetic with sufferers, that Dr. Trask decided in her own mind that King Eng was a born doctor, and that she would do a great work in China if only she could be properly trained.

That was the difficulty. The most she could become if she stayed at Foochow would be a very highly skilled nurse, and Dr. Trask had set her heart on King Eng becoming a pioneer Chinese woman doctor, the breaker of a trail for cultured Chinese ladies into the most difficult and most helpful of all professions. But there was only one way by which she could have the necessary training—she must leave China and go to America.

After long thought Dr. Trask wrote to the committee that controlled the hospital. She spoke in the highest terms of King Eng's character and pos-

sibilities, and urged that she should be sent to study in America, for ten years if necessary, so that she might come back "qualified to lift the womanhood of China to a higher plane, and able to superintend the medical work." The Committee agreed to Dr. Trask's plan and made the necessary arrangements. But Dr. Trask's letter which opened for her the door to Western knowledge also brought to King Eng her biggest battle.

She was only an eighteen-year-old girl at the time, devoted to her parents, and so influenced by the customs of centuries that the very thought of leaving her own land was terrifying. It meant that she would do what all her friends would condemn—not because there was anything wrong about it, but just because it had never been done before. She had gone against the customs of China once before in the matter of feet; and, though she had won through, she had paid a bitter price as the pioneer of common sense. If she sailed for a foreign land, the outcry would be even louder, and it might very well be that when she returned her people would have nothing to do with her.

In her perplexity she talked frankly to her father, telling him how eager she was to go and yet how she shrank from once again offending popular opinion. But Hu Yong Mi could not fight her battles for her. This was something King Eng must decide for herself, for it was a personal test. A door had been opened for her that it would take

courage for her to enter, and only she could make the decision. He did not encourage her to go, but neither did he try to persuade her against it. He did with King Eng just what he had done with her mother when they had been faced with an open door to wider service—put the whole thing plainly to her and left her to make the final decision.

“Think all round it,” he said. “On the one hand, if you go you will be able to do more for China than probably any woman has ever done. Also, you will give a lead to other girls, and they in their turn may become qualified to help our people as foreigners never can. But it will not be easy for you. You will be very, very lonely for many years. You cannot speak the language of America, and hardly anyone will be able to say a word to you for a long time. Their customs are different from ours, as different as your dress or your face. People will stare at you and talk about you, and that will not be pleasant. Think well, Precious Peace, for all the happiness of your life is bound up in what you do now.”

King Eng thought it over with the steady faith and calm heroism which marked her whole life, and then said: “If the cablegram says ‘Come,’ I shall go; but if otherwise, I shall do as best I can and labor at home.”

The cablegram arrived soon after and it said “Come,” so in the spring of 1884 King Eng sailed for America, the first girl to leave the province

of Fukien to study in a foreign land. At the time, she believed she was the first girl in all China to go to America to study, but she discovered later that another had arrived just before, brought by two missionaries, also to study medicine.

Safely arrived in America, she went to Delaware, Ohio, and toward the close of the year entered Ohio Wesleyan University. She continued to wear her Chinese dress, and the little figure in its stiff, silk-embroidered costumes aroused the keenest interest among the other students. They could not talk to her, nor she to them, so King Eng made the learning of English her first task. She made such rapid progress that in a few months she was able not only to talk to the students but was going about America addressing meetings on behalf of China. It was then that she appreciated her father's courage in refusing to let her feet be twisted and deformed after the old custom. Often as she raced for a train, she thought with a smile of how she had suffered under the taunt of "Feet!" and felt thankful for her father's strong will and sense that now gave her the power to run.

For four years King Eng studied at the University. Then she went to the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia to take the last part of her course. She was so keen to learn that she overtaxed her health and after two years broke down under the strain. She was ordered to drop everything and go back to China for a year's rest.

It was a big disappointment to her to have to stop her studies, but the call of "Home" had been with her through the six long years. She knew, too, that her father's health had been failing for some time, so that it was with very mingled feelings that she said good-by to the students whom she had grown to love and who had grown to love her.

Her friends in Foochow were waiting for her return with some uneasiness. They feared that she might have been spoiled by too much attention, or that she had become so used to the little luxuries of Western lands that she would be out of touch with her old home conditions. King Eng had not been back in Foochow a day before those fears were proved groundless. She was the same simple, intense, cheery little Chinese girl whose only thought was to fit herself to serve others to the limit of her powers. Pride simply had no place in her. When the suggestion was once made to her that a foreign education might not be a good thing for Chinese girls, that it would unfit them instead of helping them, her answer was:

"The more favor we receive, the more debt we owe the Chinese women and girls. So wherever we go, we must think how to benefit our people, not do as we please, and then how can we be proud?"

The only cloud on King Eng's happiness was her father's illness. Hu Yong Mi was paying the price of his long years of self-denial, and was in

the grip of consumption. He very nearly died soon after King Eng's return, but the knowledge and skill she had gained in her studies now enabled her to save his life and bring him back to comparatively good health.

It was obvious, though, that Hu Yong's work as a Methodist minister was finished, and his immediate need was a house in which to spend the evening of his days. He had saved enough for a house to be built, but was now too weak to supervise its erection. King Eng at once took charge. She chose the site, drew up the plans, watched the builders at work, and saw the whole construction through to the last decorative touch—an astonishing thing to the Chinese.

The customs of the most conservative country in the world had made well-born women as useless as dolls, yet here was one who was easily the equal of any man. King Eng blazed the trail for the practical woman of affairs, able to do something better than wear expensive clothes and look pretty, and in the New China of today many women have traveled that road she opened.

In addition to nursing her father and superintending the building of his house, she went to the hospital for several hours each day. She went with the doctors through the wards, listening patiently by each bedside to a long tale of aches and pains, which she translated into English. She "lent a hand"—her favorite phrase—in the nurs-

ing, and took on any task that offered itself. That was her interpretation of the "year's rest" she had been ordered, doing what would have been a full-time job for anyone.

In the fall of 1892 King Eng sailed away again to America, to complete her course at the hospital in Philadelphia. Two years later she took her degree with honors, and was now a qualified physician, fully abreast of the latest medical knowledge. How greatly the little Chinese lady had impressed those who knew her work best is seen in the fact that she was at once appointed Surgeon's Assistant in the Philadelphia Polyclinic.

King Eng accepted the appointment for the sake of the unique experience it could give her. But her heart was with the needy people of China, so the following year, 1895, she turned her face homewards again, returning to Foochow. Almost as soon as she landed she was given the post of assistant to Dr. Lyon, who had taken Dr. Trask's position in the first hospital King Eng had entered. The following year Dr. Lyon was ordered home for a much needed rest, and then a great charge was laid upon King Eng—she was given direct control of the whole hospital.

The Women's Hospital at Foochow is three miles outside the town walls; free, therefore, from the smells always to be found in a Chinese city, and more easily kept clean. But, in other ways, the distance was a serious difficulty. It made it

almost impossible to attend to some cases, while out-patients were severely taxed physically because of the long walk, especially in the hot summer days. For some time it had been felt that another hospital was needed in Foochow itself, and just about the time King Eng returned from America the Mary Woolston Memorial Hospital was built right in the heart of the city.

In 1899 King Eng was appointed resident physician at this new hospital. When she took up her work there she wondered what would happen. She had heard much about the city people, and little that was in their favor. "They are as hard and pig-headed and difficult to manage as a wilful son," was the common report.

But the courage which had led King Eng to face the unknown in America made her keep her fears to herself, and not even the constant rudeness of the patients could depress her buoyant spirit.

Patients came in large numbers, for China is a land where sickness flourishes, but when they saw King Eng, they showed no appreciation. With shrill reiteration they demanded a "foreign doctor," and when told that King Eng had lived for many years in America and learned all the healing arts of the foreigners, they were not appeased.

The hospital staff had soon fallen under the spell of King Eng's sunny nature, and the rudeness and unreasonableness of the patients angered the nurses. But just as her father had given only

pity to those who hated him when he sought to help them, so now King Eng rose above all pettiness of spirit. When the loud-voiced demand for foreign doctors came, she herself directed the dissatisfied where to go, and gave them letters to take with them which would ensure their treatment.

Before summer came, King Eng had won her place in Foochow. Men who had openly sneered at the Chinese girl-doctor with the big feet took back their sneers. They admitted that she was something new in their experience and showed their appreciation of her services by renting rooms near the hospital in order to avail themselves of her skill. Even the priests came to her when they were sick and, more surprising still, some of the Chinese doctors. In her first year she treated 2,600 cases, and not a single patient died. Ten years later the number had grown to 24,091 as the list for a single year's work in the now enlarged hospital.

One incident will show how greatly the quiet, healing service had impressed the people who at first had been so suspicious and hostile to a woman of their own race doing such work. A fire broke out in the town close to the west wall of the hospital. The wind was blowing strongly towards it, and in a very short time all the buildings were in danger of complete destruction.

Now fire is believed to be the direct result of the activity of the fire-gods, and the usual way to

meet it in China is to beat gongs to drive away the spirits—while the fire burns itself merrily out.

With the rapid sweeping onwards of the leaping flames, King Eng feared that the destruction of her beloved hospital was certain. She had no means for fighting the flames, and, knowing her people, had no hope of their lending a hand to save the threatened buildings. To her amazed joy, though, a great crowd of her former critics assembled outside the walls and began a tremendous fight for her. Careless of burns, and heedless of the possible anger of the fire-gods, they rushed into the flames, beating and trampling them out until the fire was mastered with no worse damage than a partially charred section of roof.

It was a thing unknown in Foochow, and the swarm of people crowding into the hospital the next day to express their thankfulness that it was saved revealed the greatness of the change in the minds of the fathers and mothers of Foochow.

Healing the bodies of her people was only one part of King Eng's activities. Fear of the gods and terrible superstitions were spoiling their minds and souls. King Eng used the opportunities given her while healing their bodies to open their eyes to lovelier things than grotesque demons. Faith in Jesus Christ had led her personally into a larger life and had inspired her to leave the beaten paths of custom. In order that the people of Foochow should gain that same life,

she told them daily of the faith which transfigures life. And because she lived what she taught, many believed her, saying, "The Jesus doctrine is good. We can see that. Idols are false."

She toiled away in Foochow for nine years with hardly a break. Cholera and plague broke out in the town, and, lest the crowded wards in the hospital should be swept bare, it had to be closed for brief spells. But King Eng would not leave her people when their need and peril was so great.

She would not leave her work in the later years, even during the hot months of July and August, when the daily temperature was about a hundred degrees. Most of the students who formed so large a part of the hospital staff then went home for their vacations, but King Eng carried on with less than half the necessary staff.

But the constant strain was too great for her delicate body to stand indefinitely. In 1907 she fell dangerously ill, just when the hospital and dispensary were more crowded than ever. It seemed the end of her splendid work, and for a time it looked as though the hospital must be closed, for lack of direction.

It was her younger sister, Seuk Eng, who saved the situation. She had studied under King Eng for several years and was the first student to graduate from the Woolston Memorial Hospital. Now she followed the trail King Eng had blazed. With the same grit her sister had so often shown, Seuk

Eng said the hospital should not close, and, inexperienced though she was, she took up the heavy task of running the hospital so that the merciful work of healing went on without a break.

During those long months of toil, it was given to Seuk Eng to see how the people almost worshiped her sister. They could not believe at first that King Eng was really too ill to attend the hospital. It seemed impossible to them that one so good could know the meaning of pain and utter weariness. They begged pitifully to be allowed to see her, if only for a moment. Thousands in Foochow believed that if they could but touch King Eng's clothes as she passed down the long wards in the hospital, or hear her quiet voice, or even just look on her face, their diseases would be healed.

Yet King Eng had done nothing startling, nothing that men call heroic. She had just lived steadily on the plane of high resolve and unselfish service. Following the Light as she saw it, she had gone out into hitherto unbeaten tracks for a Chinese woman, thus making it easier for others to follow. And by the greatest force in all life—sheer goodness—she broke the most splendid of all trails for the people of Foochow—the trail which leads to the City of God.

VI

THE CRIMSON TRAIL

FENG YU-HSIANG grabbed one side of the rickety table and, bending his powerful body, pulled with all his strength. The missionary hung on gamely to the other side, using his lesser strength to such good purpose that the big Chinaman gave up the tug of war and joined his laughing companions. Red-faced, partly from the struggle and partly from the jeers of the soldiers, the missionary abandoned his attempt at preaching, and with a coolie carrying the disputed table went off to the Mission House.

"You made the foreign devil lose face then," said a lean, ragged soldier, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Ay, they preach one thing, but they do another," commented another, scowling viciously at the missionary's retreating back.

"I couldn't help it," confessed Feng, his cheery face revealing the fun-loving spirit that lurked within his gigantic body. "What madness the foreign devil talked! 'Resist not evil. . . .' 'If any man would have thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Who ever heard such nonsense? I thought I would see if he would let me have his table, but he can preach better than he can practise!"

"All the foreign devils are like that," said the lean-faced soldier who had spoken first. "They say good words; that they come to do us good and will heal us in their hospitals when we are sick—and then, when anyone is foolish enough to go to them, they pick out his eyes and use them for witchcraft."

"That is true," confirmed another. "My brother met a man in Peking who told him that he had heard it from one who knew a woman whose cousin's wife had said she had seen it done."

"Well, this foreign devil will know better than to preach when I am near," said Feng. "China's religions are good enough for me; I would like to see all these foreign devils driven out of the country."

An angry growl of assent rose from the group of soldiers. Then, the missionary having disappeared from sight, they went back to their quarters to spend the rest of their hours off duty in their usual gambling.

Feng Yu-hsiang was only eighteen, but at that age one is a man full-grown in China, and already he stood well over six feet high and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. He was easily one of the biggest and most powerful men in the ill-armed, badly-equipped regiment. He had heard much of the missionaries of the foreign religion, but this was his first actual contact with one of them. All kinds of rumors were floating around about the

missionaries, and the wilder and more sensational they were, the more readily were they believed. That about picking out the eyes of patients was a favorite, and no one believed it more firmly than Feng, so, when he had come to that open-air meeting and had heard the young missionary preaching non-resistance to evil, he could not help putting the preacher to the test.

It was only a little thing. He had tried to carry off the table on which the missionary had been standing. The man naturally objected, not knowing that it was only a joke. But that little thing seemed to settle things for Feng, and with the impulsiveness that was part of his nature, he decided that he would never have anything to do with the strange religion. And in that resolve, nearly everyone else who lived in Paoting agreed with him.

Things were getting pretty bad in China just then for the missionaries. The old hatred of foreigners had grown stronger because of the seizing of certain seaport towns by different European Powers, and the Chinese were beginning to demand that every foreigner should be driven out of the country—and that the missionaries who were “stealing” the hearts of many of the people should be the first! A big “Brotherhood” calling itself Boxers was stirring up angry resentment all over the country, and some of the members had come as far as Paoting.

News of the wild threats they were making was brought to the American Board Mission House where Tracy Pitkin was in charge, and it gave him many anxious hours. He was a graduate of Yale, one of the finest men America has sent to China, and if it had been only a matter of ordinary antagonism to the preaching of Christianity, he could have handled the situation as he had many times before. But the coming of the Boxers complicated matters. One of their fancy names was "Brothers of the Big Knives," and it exactly expressed their ideas of persuasion.

Pitkin's wife and little child were in America, and he was the only man of the mission staff in Paoting at the moment. But there were two women missionaries there who had just come out from America to work among the women, Mary Morrill and Annie Gould. In addition to the missionaries, there were many Chinese Christians whom the Boxers hated almost worse than they hated the foreigners.

Tracy Pitkin felt himself responsible for the safety of the little company, and finally decided that he must seek the protection of the Chinese governor. He went to the *yamen* and after a long delay was shown into the governor's presence.

That dignitary was in a difficult position. He shared the Boxers' hatred of the foreigners, but Peking was only a hundred and twenty miles away

and if he refused to send his ragged regiment to protect the mission house, the news of his refusal would almost certainly reach the foreign legations there. If the Boxers failed to drive out all the white people, he would have to answer some very awkward questions. Yet if he sent the soldiers, the Boxers would charge him with betraying them and supporting their enemies! While he kept Pitkin waiting on the Chinese equivalent for a doormat, he pondered the difficulties of being an official.

Suddenly his oblique eyes lightened at the thought which flashed into his scheming brain. He had found a way whereby he could save his face before both Boxers and the legations. So he welcomed the missionary cordially, a smile on his bland yellow face, and, after wasting ten minutes in empty but high-sounding compliments, promised that his troops should follow almost at once and guard the threatened mission house. There were over twenty witnesses present who would be able to satisfy any inquiry which might be held that he had instantly given the protection desired.

When Pitkin had gone, the governor sent for the officer commanding his troops and gave him his orders:

“You will go to the American Board Mission House and post guards all round the compound.”

The officer's face fell, for he, too, longed to see the foreigners driven out.

"And you will see to it," the governor went on blandly, "that your men do not interfere with any who might make a little disturbance there tonight."

With a subdued chuckle the officer saluted and went out to see the farce through. He whispered the joke to his lieutenant, who unselfishly passed it on, feeling that it was too good a jest for only a few to know it. Before the tattered crowd, who looked more like bandits than soldiers, had passed out of the *yamen* gate every man knew that he was going to deceive the missionaries into a false sense of security.

Pitkin saw the men march into the compound with a feeling of very real relief, and noticed that the commanding officer had selected the biggest man in the regiment as sentinel for the main gate of the mission house compound. He had had his doubts about the Governor, but now doubt seemed an unworthy suspicion.

The big man was Feng Yu-hsiang, and, as he knew what his orders were, he leaned comfortably against the wall and waited for the real excitement to begin. The whispering in Paoting had reached him, and he knew that before very long the Boxers would be along to settle accounts once and for all with the hated foreigners.

Inside the mission house the time passed dreadfully slowly, for in spite of the guards posted all round the compound, there was a feeling of suspense in the very air. Shouts and the occasional

discharge of a gun could be heard from the town, and they knew that the Boxers were trying to stir up the townsmen against them.

The one who suffered most in those slow-dragging hours was Mary Morrill. She was only a slip of a woman, all nerves and imagination. She had not been long enough in China to get really used to the people, and their smooth, expressionless faces had often filled her with a terror she had only kept to herself by a strong effort. She had hesitated long before becoming a missionary, for, though she felt she must go to China, she shrank from it. She knew her natural timidity and was desperately afraid that if any trouble came she would run away and so shame the Master she wanted to serve. All who knew her in her home in Maine had advised her not to go, and the Board had turned her down two or three times because she seemed so unsuitable. But her feeling that she must go had been stronger than even her fears, and at last they had accepted her—with grave misgivings.

All through that day she felt sick with worry and apprehension. Her head ached, while her mouth seemed parched and dry. At every unusual sound she started violently, and a cold perspiration oozed from every pore. Her too-active imagination plagued her without mercy, until she was almost screaming with the uncertainty and suspense.

Then, suddenly, the suspense ended. Feng straightened his long body and looked eagerly along the dirty street while Mary Morrill's heart seemed to turn to ice within her. A swelling roar of sound came in through the open windows, the most horrible sound on earth—a maddened mob yelling for blood!

In a few minutes the narrow street was packed with men, all armed, and the red sashes of the dreaded Boxers were everywhere. The long-expected attack on the mission house had come at last, and Tracy Pitkin looked out to see what the soldiers sent by the governor would do. His face whitened when he saw Feng talking in the friendliest way with the men he was supposed to keep from harming the missionaries. Pitkin hurried to another window, to see others of their supposed "guard" fraternising with the mob, and he knew then that he had been deceived. They were at the mercy of the mob, for nothing stood between them and the Boxers save the wooden door of the compound against which the Boxers were beating with heavy poles.

Mary Morrill also had seen the actions of the soldiers and needed no telling what it meant. A wave of sickness swept over her as she thought of the kind of death that would come to a woman in the hands of that yelling mob, and she leaned weakly against the wall desperately trying not to collapse.

The giddiness passed, and she looked at her companions—the man and woman of her own race, and the Chinese who shared the peril of that dreadful moment because they had listened to the teaching of the missionaries. Then her racing mind thought of the One in Whom they all believed, against Whom a mob had shrieked even as this mob was shrieking. She thought of his calmness, his readiness to meet death if through death He could save even those who hated Him. She followed that Hero—then how could she be a coward?

Pulling herself together, the little woman glanced round again. Pitkin was at another window, Annie Gould was trying to comfort some of the frightened Chinese women and girls; no one was watching her, and the door was open. With hardly a sound, she ran across the room and down the stairs into the sun-lit compound.

The stout door was beginning to splinter under the blows of the battering-rams, and Feng leaned forward to see it fall inwards and swift death or slow torture come to those he hated. Instead of seeing what he expected, he drew in his breath sharply as the door suddenly swung inwards and a slim, white-clad little woman stepped boldly out, almost into the battering-rams drawn back for a final thrust.

It was Mary Morrill, the nervous, shrinking woman who had feared that if a crisis ever came she would run away. She had reached her crisis

and had run—but towards, not away from—her enemies. The thought of her Lord had conquered fear, and she was following the crimson trail He had blazed for the saving of the world.

The shouts and yells died away, to be followed by an almost tangible silence. The mob did not know what to make of this, and something in that fearless little figure kept those nearest to her from lifting their ugly knives. In the strained silence Mary Morrill's quiet voice carried to the very fringe of the mob as she asked:

"Why do you come here to kill us? We are your friends; we seek only to do you good. Have we not visited you in your homes? Have we not taught your children and healed your sick? Is it for this you would kill us?"

Her voice broke the spell which had fallen on the mob and an angry chorus replied:

"You are our enemies, and we mean to kill you!"

"Then let me die for the others," the pale little lady replied. "Kill me, but spare my friends. Here I am, helpless and alone; take me,—you can do what you please."

The utter selflessness of that brave offer shamed all but the young hotheads in the mob. It reached down to the slumbering good within them and made them ashamed. Using their voices and their weight, those nearest to her began to push the crowd backwards and soon the whole mob was pouring up the street away from the mission house.

But mobs are strange things, and no one can say just what they will do. Faced with the splendid courage of one lonely woman, this crowd had relented and drawn off. Once away from the spell of her presence, all the old hatred swept back again and the young hotheads had their way. The mission house of the American Presbyterian Mission was on the other side of the town and someone shouted out that they should go and burn it. Instantly the mob was with him and swept away northwards.

Feng Yu-hsiang and his regiment had given up their farce of guarding the mission and now formed part of the merciless mob bent on murder and pillage. Feng had been one of the nearest to Mary Morrill when she opened the gate and had looked down from his great height into her white, brave face. The words she had spoken had sunk right into his heart, and as he raced with the rest of the mob towards the Presbyterian Mission his mind was turning them over. At last he said to himself:

"There's a woman whose religion *is* a religion! I never conceived of such a spirit. She offered to lay down her life for her friends! The time is coming when I too will have to be a Christian."

Yet, though the better side of his nature was groping after the best he had ever seen, Feng formed part of the mob that fired the Presbyterian Mission. They forced the gate, killed the faithful

watchman, and drove the other servants to the well-side and then compelled them to jump in and drown in its cold darkness. Dr. Taylor, the head of the mission, pleaded with the mob, but in vain, and soon the flames were leaping all round the 'doomed house. Inside were five missionaries and three little children, and the maddened mob shouted exultantly as the house finally collapsed and burned alive both men, women, and children. And Feng yelled with the others, all thought of Mary Morrill's strange courage swallowed up in the blood-lust of the mob.

Instead of being satisfied with this butchery of the innocent, the burning of the Presbyterian Mission only roused the mob to greater frenzy and it swept back southwards and once more appeared before the American Board Mission. Learning from experience, they now piled sticks against the wooden door and set fire to them.

Tracy Pitkin had been a helpless witness of Mary Morrill's heroism, but with the return of the mob he knew that even her courage had failed to save them. He now compelled her and Annie Gould to go into one of the inner rooms and, just as the compound door collapsed, he stepped outside to offer himself for the others.

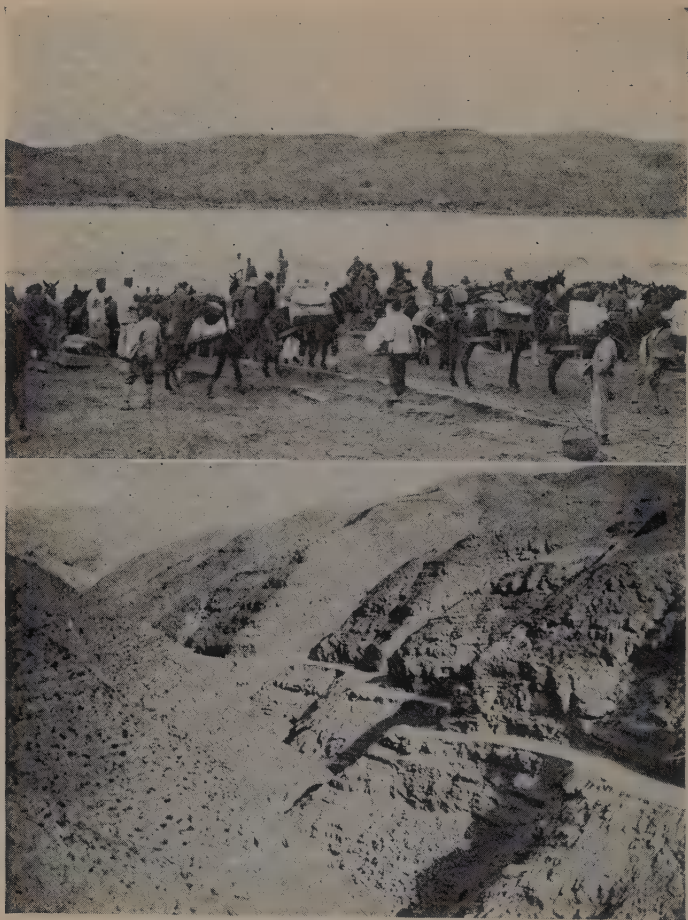
But the mob was now deaf to everything. Before he could say a word, some of the Boxers leaped forward and with a sweep of a great knife the young Yale man was beheaded. Jumping



WATTS O. PYE

There are six feet four inches of him, all man. He is still out there in North China doing his amazing work with the aid of a map, a mule, a terrific driving personality, and a vast stock of common sense stored in his red-thatched head.

—Chapter VII



VARIETY OF TRAVEL IN SHENSI

Watts Pye—to the left of center of upper picture—setting off across the Yellow River. Below, a section of the two hundred miles of motor roads built by forty thousand starving farmers unused to the job.

—Chapter VII

over his dead body the mob rushed into the mission house seeking the two white women.

They found them in the little room, both kneeling and quietly praying. And again the sense of something they could not understand came upon the mob, and they paused uncertainly. But evil was rampant that day and soon the two women were being led away to a Buddhist temple.

Here they found three other missionaries, of the China Inland Mission, and a little English girl of five. And while the night passed slowly on, their captors debated the kinds of death their victims should die, competing one with the other in scheming foul torments.

When morning came none of those evil schemes were used and their captors showed them unexpected mercy. Instead of being tortured, they were taken out, bound together, led outside the city wall and swiftly beheaded.

The Boxer riot raged for a few months longer and then collapsed before the Allied Forces. Feng Yu-hsiang was with his regiment in Paoting when the days of red violence came to an end, but he had not kept the half-resolution he had made when he had seen a love which even dared to die. Indeed, he seemed further off from Christianity than ever, though the impression made upon him by Mary Morrill was deeper than he knew himself.

The years passed, and he rose rapidly in the army. He was transferred to a station near

Peking and while there another "little thing" came which was greatly to affect his life. Probably through some dirty water he had drunk, a bad sore came out on his leg, and he went to two Chinese doctors for treatment. They stated their charge, sixty dollars, and Feng was furious at what he felt to be sheer robbery and he refused to pay it. In his disgust he went to the nearest mission hospital, where the sore was soon healed. He asked what the charge was and was amazed at the reply, "Nothing; only remember that God loves you and sent me to heal you."

As he went out of the hospital, Feng's mind went back to Mary Morrill. Because of her religion she had been willing to die for her friends; here was a man who had healed him for nothing because he too shared that religion. Again Feng felt powerfully drawn to become a Christian, but put it off in his keenness to rise in his profession.

Soon after, he was ordered with his regiment to Manchuria, and arrived there to find the dreaded plague raging. People were dying by hundreds, and none of the Chinese doctors could do anything to stop the plague from spreading. Feng heard that the missionary doctors at the hospital there were inoculating any who came to them and that their treatment seemed to be effective.

After Feng had seen a few of those who had died from the horrible plague, he decided to test this strange treatment and so presented himself

for it. Then he asked the price of this which should mean safety for him in the presence of the Invisible Death, and again he was amazed to hear, "Nothing; we do it for the love that God has for you."

Once more he felt the pull of this strange religion, and all his old memories of Mary Morrill came sweeping back. He was much nearer to accepting it than he himself realised.

The unsettled state of China gave Feng Yu-hsiang his chance. He was a born soldier, with wonderful organising ability and such a strong personality that men instinctively obeyed him. Before he had been a dozen years in the army he had risen from the ranks to the position of major and was stationed at Peking.

Early in 1913 Dr. John R. Mott, who had been making an extended tour of the mission stations in the East, arrived at the city and held a series of great meetings, which were packed with the more thoughtful and advanced Chinese. Major Feng heard much of the American who preached a man's religion and decided to go and hear him. An American woman had made him feel that Christianity was the religion he ought to accept, and Dr. Mott's address made him end his long indecision. When the service was over, Feng was a Christian.

The influence of Mary Morrill had been with him through all those dozen years and had kept him

from doing much that other Chinese soldiers did without shame. He had seen the spirit of utter unselfishness in her, and because of it he had not tried to use his country's unrest as an opportunity for enriching himself. But with his open confession of faith in Jesus Christ, his whole nature seemed to suddenly expand. He was as big in his soul as he was in body, and just as many a man had felt the weight of his strong arm, so now many others began to feel the force of Feng's spiritual strength.

He soon became a marked man. Where others were quietly filling their pockets, Feng would have nothing to do with graft in any shape or form. Men felt they could trust him, and he was soon advanced to greater responsibilities. By 1915 he was a brigadier-general—perhaps the strangest general the world has ever seen.

One incident will illustrate this. An invading army had penetrated into the south of the province of Yunnan, and Feng was sent to drive it out. He attempted to take the enemy's strong position, but his artillery ammunition ran out and he himself was forced to retreat. He managed to secure a fresh supply of shells and renewed the attack. After heavy fighting he took the position, and with his big guns smashed the only bridge across the river. The defeated southern army was absolutely at his mercy, and looked for the treatment they

would have given him. Instead, Feng had the broken army paraded before him and gave them an address on patriotism. He pointed out the horrors of civil war, and the impossibility of China ever being free and happy while her sons fought one against the other. Then he told the amazed men that they were free to go to their homes, instead of being interned as prisoners of war, and gave to each man a present—ten dollars to every officer, and five to each private. This generous treatment turned the defeated army from sullen foes into delighted friends.

The fame of this strange general began to be talked about all over China, and wherever Feng led his army of ten thousand men, people looked forward to the unusual.

In 1918 he was sent to the province in which he was born. Another army of the northern forces had come to grief at Chengte in Hunan, and Feng's job was to retake the city. He made a careful study of the place, took certain strategic points, and then sent a note to the commander of the southern forces by two missionaries, in which he said:

"I have orders to take the city and I intend to do so. I desire, however, to avoid bloodshed, and therefore urge you to retire and avoid loss of life."

The southern general had heard of Feng and knew that what he said he would do he had a way

of accomplishing. He knew he had met his master, and so retired fifty miles and left Chengte open to Feng.

That was more than a novel way of fighting. It led to Feng's discovering the kind of work he could do a little bit better than anyone else. When he entered Chengte, the city was in a filthy state. Rival armies had occupied it in turn, and soldiers who were a trifle worse than savages had roamed the streets with fixed bayonets, doing what they would to the terrified people.

They expected more of the same treatment from their new conquerors, and many days passed before they could really believe that they were not dreaming. An army was in the town, but not such an army as any man in Chengte had believed could exist. No man's goods were taken from him by force; no woman was insulted in the streets; no drunken or drugged soldiers cursed or gambled anywhere. Slowly the truth penetrated into their bewildered minds. This was a *Christian* army. Of those ten thousand men the great majority were confessed Christians, won to Jesus Christ mainly through the life and example of the general they almost worshiped.

Feng remained in Hunan for two years as military commander, and during that time he freed Chengte and other towns from the opium traffic, gambling, and other social evils. When the time came for his army to withdraw to another province,

the leading men of the city, who had received him in the silence of fear and distrust, were well-nigh heartbroken at his going. To mark their appreciation of the wonderful conduct of his soldiers, they presented every one of the ten thousand with a special medal.

In 1921 General Feng was appointed Military Governor of the Province of Shensi, and the following year Inspector-General of the Army. To-day he is a Field Marshal. No man of our age has made a deeper impression for good on so many people as the tall, soldierly Chinese who twenty years ago hated all foreigners and despised the Christian religion. He has seen much and done much, but that of which he talks most often is the day in Paoting when he saw a little American woman tread fearlessly the crimson trail of sacrifice. For it was Mary Morrill of Maine who made Marshal Feng the Stonewall Jackson of China.

VII

A MULE, A MAP—AND A MAN!

THE mob crept forward like an enormous, many-colored snake suffering from some violent internal pain. Choked in the narrow, winding street, it seemed to heave in spasms of anguish and move onward only by the violence of its suffering.

Its noise would have silenced all the prehistoric monsters of some primeval swamp. Great brass gongs crashed incessantly; drums pounded with maddening insistence; enormous fire-crackers exploded like young cannons. And underneath all these mechanical noises was the terrible deep diapason of a frenzied multitude.

Jammed helplessly within that writhing, heaving crowd were men of all ranks and professions known to China. Buddhist priests with shaven heads struggled along between wealthy city merchants in rich silks and filthy coolies straight from work on the fields or the dirty wharves of the Yellow River. High-class mandarins jostled and were jostled by gaunt opium sots who coughed long and shudderingly in the blinding dust clouds stirred by those countless feet.

Overhead a brazen sun scorched and blasted from a steel-blue sky. Its fierce heat was made yet

more intolerable by the pall of dust that began to hang like a fog-cloud over the city. Slanting eyes glared out of yellow faces at the unwinking ball of yellow torment, and hoarse voices croaked curses at the sun which had brought them months of drawn-out misery.

Yet slowly the milling mob moved onward, bruising and crushing the flesh of hundreds against the rough brick walls as it struggled painfully along the street. The city prefect was on his way to the Temple to pray for the rain Shansi needed so sorely!

For years now drought had plagued the province. Old men told tales of bad seasons they had known in their younger days, but though, after the way of the aged, they exaggerated the bad times of the forgotten past, even the most hardened liar had to confess that nothing like this had been known in Shansi before this summer of 1899. The early wheat harvest had utterly failed, and the seed sown for the autumn crop was rotting on the ground too parched to let even the hardiest of cereals take root. And food prices were soaring in the market to an extent which meant famine of the worst kind for most people in that seething mob.

Rain and yet more rain was the only hope for Shansi. So the prefect and the merchant went with priest and coolie to pray. And still the heavens were as brass and the molten sun mocked

them as it scorched and tortured through the endless days.

There must be a reason for this misery. Even the dullest-witted opium sot in the town had sense enough to realize that. The rain-gods only withhold the water which means life and comfort when they are angry. So when the prayers of the mighty brought no lessening of their misery, the mob gathered together again—not to pray in a stately Temple, but to inquire the cause of the rain-gods' anger.

The thousands of panic-stricken people split into countless little crowds, flocking to the stands of hundreds of suddenly inspired prophets and listening eagerly to their glibly-spoken explanations of this misery which had come upon them.

"It is because of the 'foreign devils' who came last year with their long-handled hammers and struck the rocks, and dug holes in the ground to take away the thick oil the gods put there when the world was made," shouted one frenzied orator, referring to the prospectors who had come hunting for coal and petroleum.

"It is because the gods are angry that we have taken the opium of the 'foreign devils' and smoked it until nearly all our people are slaves to the Flowers of Death," cried another.

"It is because the gods are angry at these 'foreign devils' who preach another God, this 'Yesu,'

and say that He is greater than all the gods of China," cried a score of others.

"These 'foreign devils' take the eyes and livers of our children to make their devilish medicines," yelled others.

"Now they have poisoned the wells and soon we shall all die," screamed an old, skinny man whose face told the tale of endless pipes of opium.

But the biggest crowds collected round men who wore vivid scarlet sashes and had great swords strapped to their sides. These were the delegates of the grim "Ta Tao Huei," or Guild of the Great Sword, better known as the Boxers. Their headquarters were in the province of Shansi, and in all that great crowd there was not a man who did not know that the Boxers were pledged to kill the hated foreigners and root out their religion. Nearly everyone had seen their banners which bore the terrible inscription, "Feng Chi Miao Kiao"—"By Imperial command, exterminate the Christian religion."

Hatred of the foreigner has always been a real thing with the Chinese. They can boast a civilization of thousands of years, compared with which the nations of the West are simply jumped-up nobodies—clever at making mechanical things like railways, motors, and money-making factories, which the Chinese are quite willing to use for their convenience or as a means of making money,

but incapable of producing gentlemen as China understands the word.

Now that hatred was made a deeper, more terribly passionate thing through the evil influence of opium and, in Shansi, by the worst drought in living memory. The Boxers saw their chance of stirring up revolt and jumped to it. Everywhere the red-sashed men, who through their incessant repetition of a single phrase—"Until the gods took possession"—had worked themselves up into such a state of frenzy that they believed themselves not only invincible in fight but so under the protection of the gods that no bullets could kill or even hurt them,—everywhere these red-sashed men played on the passions of the excited people. The unceasing scorching of the sun was their text—there would be no rain until the hated Christians were killed!

Possibly the drought and the prospect of famine had made the usually peaceable, good-natured people a little mad. Certainly the wild, wicked rumors of the things the foreigners were supposed to do had roused their superstitions to such a point that they were unreasonable. Anyhow, the Boxers had their way, and soon the great mad mob was on its way to burn and loot and murder—for there is nothing more savagely cruel and merciless on earth than a frenzied crowd.

The rain came—but it was a rain of blood! Just how many men and women and little children

were killed during those awful months no man knows, but it is safe to say that it was the worst period of torture and death in the Christian Church since the time of Nero, and that more were killed than at any other time except during the massacres of the Armenians by the Turks. Of the missionaries in the Shansi Province alone more than half were murdered, and those who escaped death did so only by a series of miracles.

The Governor of Shansi, Yu-hsien, did not try to stop the fury of the mob. He aided the Boxers in their murderous work and earned for himself the title of "The Butcher of Shansi." Like nearly every highly placed man in the province, he longed for only one thing—to exterminate Christianity. And when those hectic months of riot and pillage and slaughter were over, it seemed as though their desire was gained. Not a missionary was left in the province, smoking heaps were all that was left of the churches they had built after years of labor, and not a man or woman among the people dared openly call himself Christian. It has happened before in India and in Africa and now it appeared to have happened in China, that a fierce, sustained persecution could stamp out of existence the Faith which more than any other rouses the passions of men. In the fall of 1900 no sane man would have insured a stone of Christian property in the whole of Shansi or given a policy on the life of a Christian under one hundred per cent.

Christianity seemed dead, and with no chance of a resurrection.

And the sane men would have been wrong. In less than ten years Shansi was to see one of the strangest and most wonderful triumphs in the whole history of Christian missions—just because, at the time when the Boxers were murdering Christians and stealing their property, a long-legged, red-haired young American was sawing wood on the other side of the world.

Fact: if Watts O. Pye had not sawed wood that summer of 1900, Shansi and the neighboring province of Shensi might today be known for the tragedy of the past instead of the triumphs of today. There are six feet four inches of him, all man. He is still out there in North China doing his amazing work with the aid of a map, a mule or two, a terrific, driving personality, and a vast stock of common sense stored in his red-thatched head, all working together and leading to results through the mighty motive force of a strong man's stronger religion.

Just why Watts Pye's sawing wood should make so vast a difference to a part of China covering thirty thousand square miles—that is, a territory a trifle smaller than Indiana—is easily explained.

In 1895 he was living in Faribault, Minnesota, in which state his grandfather had been one of the first two pioneers. He was a lanky, awkward youth with absolutely nothing about him to lead

anyone to think he would ever do anything out of the ordinary. At the church to which he belonged there were several very clever young folk who made fun of the farmer's boy who seemed as awkward with his long legs as a young colt, and who blushed so easily when they made fun of him. He was the butt for their jokes. Today they are unknown while Watts Pye is a name to conjure with among eight million people.

Dr. Charles E. Burton, now the Secretary of the National Council of Congregational Churches, went to Faribault to preach when he was a young man, and during a talk to the Sunday school, he said that possibly some of the lads sitting there might become foreign missionaries. Watts Pye heard him and registered a vow that he would be one!

Making that vow was an easy thing to do; it was far harder to carry it out. It meant a college training, and there was no chance of that in Faribault. But the young preacher told how he was working his way through Carleton, earning enough in the vacations by manual work to meet his fees at the college. And that showed Watts Pye the way for him.

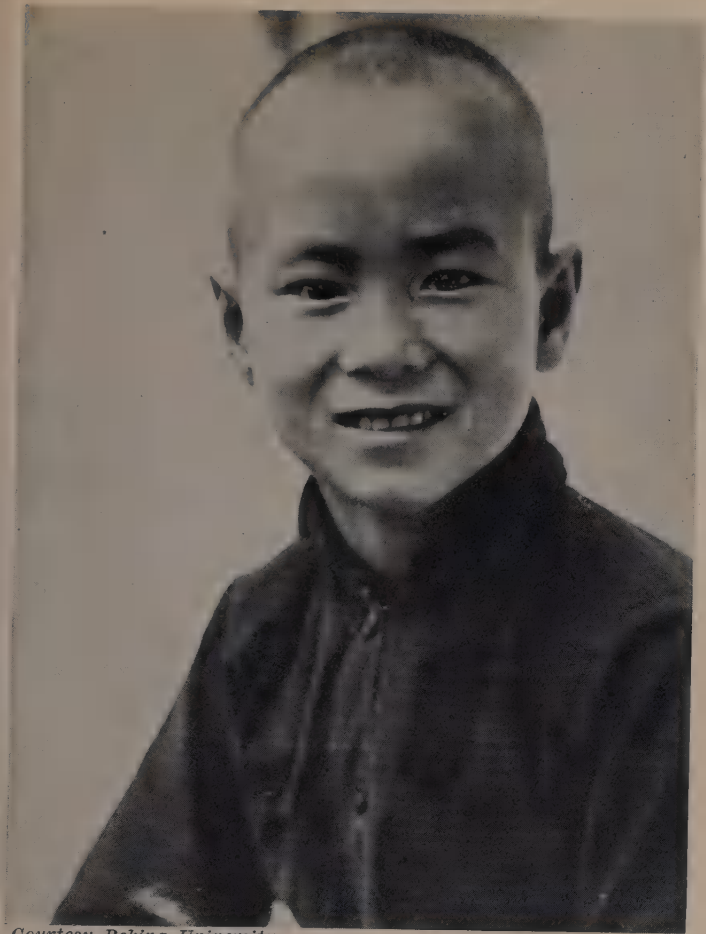
He went to Carleton—and his outfit consisted principally of a bucksaw! For months he sawed logs to raise the dollars he needed that he might become a missionary, and the work filled out his long body and developed the sturdy, self-reliant

man inside. Then one of the college officers wanted a new house built. The plans included digging for a basement. Watts Pye applied for the job and got it, slaving away with a spade and barrow after college hours and through Saturdays.

His first vacation he spent working on a farm; the next, on construction work on the Rock Island Railroad; and the third, doing Government Survey work in the Bad Lands of Dakota. He earned the dollars he needed on each job, but he did more than that; he made himself a man who would not be overcome or daunted by difficulties, and he gained a knowledge which was to be as useful to him in later years as anything he learned in college.

"Full stop" seemed to be written to all his schemes when the sister he loved better than his dreams fell ill and the doctors ordered her south to a warmer climate. No one else could take her but Watts, so down he went to Austin, Texas, to be nurse to a dying girl. But though so great a part of his time was given in willing service, he entered Austin Theological Seminary, and gave a year to teaching Biblical Literature in the Tillotson College for Colored People.

The death of the sister, for whom he had cared as only a fine-souled man could, opened the way for finishing his educational course. He entered Oberlin Theological Seminary, and from there was accepted by the American Board of Commissioners

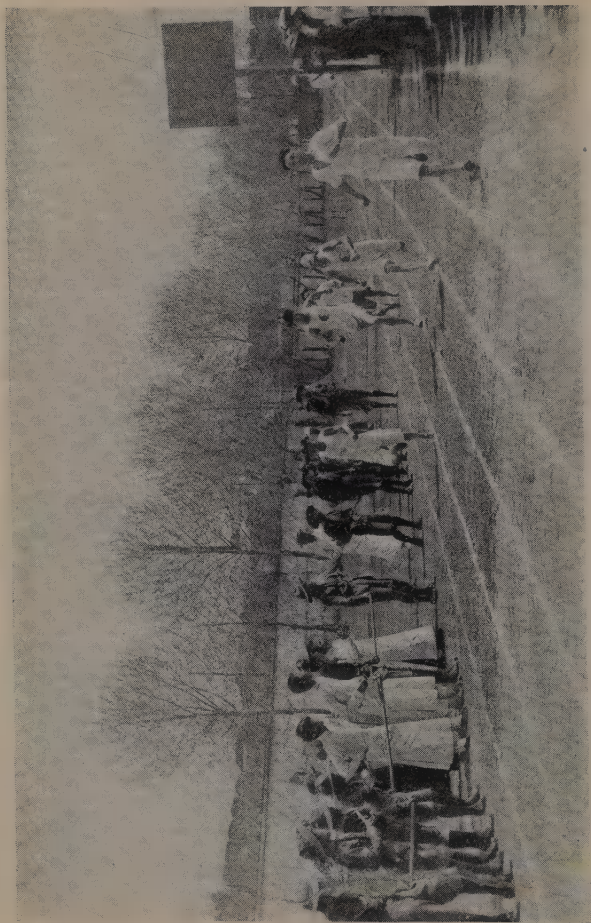


Courtesy Peking University

A CHINESE SCHOOL BOY

China can be one of the greatest powers for good in all the world. She can be that when she has millions of men and women, boys and girls who are true and straight, who are strong in body, swift and honest in mind, pure in spirit.

—Chapter VIII



RELAY RACE AT BOONE COLLEGE, WUCHANG

College athletes who will, in the more glorious race that is to be, "pass the torch from hand to hand." —*Chapter VIII*

for Foreign Missions and sailed for China, the land of his long dreams, in 1907.

When he arrived at Fenchow,¹ in Shansi, it was to find that of the thirteen original stations worked by the Mission up to the time of the Boxer riots, only four had been reopened, and the work in these was small and ineffective, and everyone was discouraged. The only man who had any joyousness of heart and a fine faith in the future was the new arrival, Watts Pye. His first task was to master the language, one of the most difficult in the world of speech, and he applied himself to that to such effect that today he speaks it like a native.

There were four Protestant missions trying to regain the lost ground in Northwest China, and one day the call came to the American Board to take over the sole charge of western Shansi and the northern half of Shensi, on the other side of the Yellow River. That meant looking after the needs of eight million people in one of the wildest parts of the earth, at that moment unoccupied by a single missionary and where, in hundreds of towns, a European had never been seen. The Board accepted, and gave the tackling of the job to Watts O. Pye.

It was a man-sized job! Pye got hold of a map of his new district and found on it the names of a few towns where, from all he had heard, he knew

¹ About 60 miles southwest of Taiyuan.

there must be hundreds. Obviously, the first need was a reliable map, and there was only one way to get it—to make it himself! He had a mule, and his vacation spent in survey work in the Bad Lands of Dakota gave him the necessary skill for the task, so off he set to put an unknown country on the map.

He calls it a rough country; most people would call it a nightmare. It is a huge network of valleys, in which eight million people live, and towering mountain divides where not a tree or a flower and hardly a blade of grass can grow, where bleak winds blow incessantly, and the air is so thin and rarefied that one awakens from sleep gasping for breath. Through the whole land there is no comfort, no good food for an American interior, and swarms of certain small insects with a great curiosity concerning an American exterior.

Yet Watts Pye set off over those bleak mountain divides, riding one mule and driving another with his pack on it in front of him, and showed even the hardy mountain muleteers how to travel. He went north, east, and west, traveling about like an uneasy spirit, puzzling his muleteers with the way he squinted about for bearings and cross-bearings, and studied his compass, and stared up at the sun by day and the stars by night, and filled endless sheets of paper with rough plans and notes.

Up in the north of Shensi he came to the Great Wall of China, built three centuries before the

coming of Christ, and found the grave of the great Chinese general, Meng Tien, who supervised the tremendous task of building it. Everywhere he rode he came across pages out of the ancient past—cities which had been rich, cultured centers two thousand years before Christ and which were still very much alive.

As his mules slipped and scrambled down the sheer slopes of the barren mountains, he saw countless evidences of the amazing mineral wealth of northern China, the wealth which the world needs and will insist on having in the near future. Great seams of coal, thirty feet and more in thickness, showed on a mountain-side where some forgotten earthquake had split the solid-looking rocks. He estimated the anthracite deposits of Shansi alone as equal to, if not greater than, those of Pennsylvania. Iron has been worked there for centuries, and petroleum exists to such an extent that already over fifty wells have been sunk.

But Watts Pye was concerned with bigger things than mineral deposits when he made his survey. Under his red hair there pulsed the brain of a born general, a strategist like Napoleon, who could think in millions and plan for future conquests. But his was to be a war of liberation. He surveyed and schemed, as he traveled tirelessly over those appalling mountain tracks, for the freeing of the souls of those eight million people through the only Faith which can set men free.

He went into thousands of towns in his travels, and talked to men of every type. They were shy at first and vastly curious about this white man who towered head and shoulders over them, who spoke their language so fluently in his quiet voice, but whose light blue eyes gazing through the big lenses of his spectacles made them feel that here was one of a different stamp from any man they had known. They had never heard of a "go-getter," but they felt its meaning when they talked to Watts Pye.

When he finished his survey work, his mules were as thin as himself and had used up so much energy they could hardly bray—but Watts Pye had his map! Also he had a more accurate knowledge of northwest China than any man living. He had rivaled Livingstone as an explorer in enduring unimaginable discomfort and in running personal risks, and from the same great motive—to open up a road for the gospel which should save the souls of men and women.

His plans were finished before even the map. With his gift for strategy he had seen the only way to tackle successfully the great task entrusted to him. If those eight million were to be won, it would not—it could not—be through foreign missionaries. There would never be enough of them available! It must be through the Chinese themselves—and the Chinese do not take readily to missionary work among their fellows. An Afri-

can simply cannot help talking about his faith, whether it be Islam or Christianity which he has accepted; he is a born missionary. The Chinese is his exact opposite. Yet Watts Pye saw clearly that if the job was to be done, it must be through the men on the spot.

How to get them to do it? Anyone else would have said, "It can't be done!" Watts Pye faced that task of enthusing unenthusiastic people as he had faced those grim, bleak mountains—as something which would mean using all his strength of body and soul, but something which could be done if he did not weaken at the job. Then he got to it.

On that new map of his, instead of the original twenty-eight towns, there were entered seventy-four hundred—and also all the principal rivers and existing roads and passable tracks. With his masterly grasp of affairs, Pye had noted carefully the general lay of the vast mineral deposits and petroleum fields, for these were the things which would count in the coming history of Shensi. Railways would be built one day to reach those fields of coal and iron and oil the big world needs, and Pye plotted out the probable route the railways would take, for they would change the whole character of the country. Places that were villages now would be big, busy towns when the railway came—he wanted to be there in those villages from the start. Other places which seemed im-

portant towns today would cease to be so important as the others grew in strength; Pye looked ahead and made his plans like a general, thinking not of what was, but of what would be. He fixed on a dozen strategic centers for his coming drive through the whole great province.

That done, the next need was supplies. A general cannot raise an army unless he can pay his soldiers. Pye could not send out a dozen men to occupy those strategic points he had selected unless he could get the dollars with which to pay them. And that must come from the home base. He was the general of a Christian army, not a bandit leader who would force an unwilling people to support his men.

He wrote a general's report of what he had seen and done, outlined his schemes for future advance, then sent the information to America to the Board of Missions. Dr. Patton read it through and shared Pye's vision and confidence. He then went to a New Hampshire town to see a business man who made shoes for a living and dreamed of winning the world for Christ. He did more than dream. He could not go himself as a missionary, but he could earn the dollars with which to support those who could do the work, and half his income went out to the foreign field as an "investment" for the uplift of men. Mr. "50-50," as he is affectionately called by his friends, read through that report and at once offered a thousand dollars

a year to give Pye the men he needed. Today it costs him eight thousand dollars a year to keep pace with the work, for he and Watts Pye are partners with God in the saving of those eight million people.

When the welcome news came that the needed supplies were forthcoming, Pye was ready to act. Those light blue eyes of his could read more than the outsides of men; they could probe down to the souls of the men he met, and he had selected ten Shensi men as being the kind he wanted—men who were not afraid of work or of danger, who would go where they were sent and stick at their jobs until they got results. These men he gathered together and gave three weeks of intensive teaching. That was all the time that could be spared, for the eight million inhabitants of Shensi had waited overlong. And three weeks with the right men is long enough. They went out to their lonely, difficult tasks well-equipped—for they had caught Watts Pye's vision of the Shensi that should be.

A true general, he trusted the men he had chosen to the limit. He pointed out what their task was and told them to go to it and tackle it their own way. He put responsibility on them, and they responded nobly.

But he did not sit back and wait to see what would happen. A dozen outposts were only the start of his campaign. He had planned on a big scale and now he worked strenuously to get ready

for the big results he knew would come before long. He wanted schools and training centers for teachers and native pastors, and hospitals to look after the many sick folk among the eight million for whom he counted himself responsible. Fenchow, the old center of the work in Shansi, was the best place for those schools, and he worked until he had what he wanted, as fine a set of premises for educational work as China knows.

But Fenchow is only the start. Every town and village needs its church and school to make the communities what they should be, and part of Watts Pye's great vision is the establishment of these institutions throughout the whole province, staffed by the men trained at the center. A mighty task? Yes, but a dozen years have proved that Pye is no mere dreamer. Just as in the old days at Faribault, when he saw into the future and read there a college education for the farmer's boy and beyond that the mission field, and with the aid of bucksaw and spade proceeded to make that vision come true, so now. He has traveled those bleak, upstanding mountains and has crossed the fertile plains until he knows them better than any living man. He has talked to scores of thousands of the people until he knows them and their possibilities a trifle better than they know themselves. He plans in the light of that knowledge and then gets to work to make his visions come true.

Now it is not a bucksaw he takes with him, but

a pack mule. For, in his own fine phrase, "the eye of the missionary, like that of the explorer, must always rest on the horizon." The days of the first few outposts have long since passed. Watts Pye and his long-eared mule have scrambled and slipped and sprawled about over the mountains into practically every one of those seventy-four hundred towns he mapped out, and have done that seemingly impossible thing—made the idol worshipers pioneers of Christianity!

That is part of the genius of the man, though he calls it just plain common sense. Practically everywhere on the foreign field the leading men of the towns look with either suspicion or fear or positive hatred on the teacher of the new Faith, and the first converts are usually from among the poorer people. Shensi had shown in the old days the same spirit of intolerance, which could be easily fanned to devouring hate. Watts Pye refused to believe that all the powerful, educated men were hopelessly evil. He believed that many, if not most, of them were public-spirited men; that they would rather see their country prosper and get better than see it decline. So, holding that belief, he went out again on his mule and spent months visiting the towns he had mapped out as strategic points to occupy, and called the leading men together for conferences. They came all right, and, once together, Pye talked to them of his dreams and plans for Shensi.

Some of those who listened to him were too coarse-grained, too completely selfish, to understand. They thought he must be getting something for himself out of all this endless traveling. But they were only a few. Most of the men he got together were recognized leaders and were doing their best for their towns. They heard what the tall American said, and could do no other than admit that he had seen farther and planned better than they had, and so gave him their support and confidence. By those conferences Pye saved his rapidly growing churches from persecution, and, instead of having the weight of official positions used against his work, it was exerted on his side. And that was very uncommon "common sense."

The Revolution of 1911 came just when his plans were beginning to bear fruit and give results, and Shensi was caught in the wild maelstrom of unrest that swept over China. The Manchu troops, defeated by the Republicans, were disbanded, and at once turned into robber bands and began to raid and loot throughout the province. Later on war broke out again between the Manchurian General, Chang Tso Lin, and Wu Pei Fu, the General of the Northern Army whose right-hand man was the Christian General, Feng.¹

Chang Tso Lin sent one of his lieutenants, an ex-bandit, into northern Shensi to raise an army

¹ See Chapter VI, "The Crimson Trail."

of bandits to help him in his struggle. Everywhere else in China that method was being followed, armed bands, numbering from a few score to many thousands, causing ruin to merchants and making life and property terribly insecure. Chang had counted on getting big forces from the sturdy Shensi men, but he had not counted on the influence of Watts Pye.

A chain of churches had come into being all along the principal roads, and each church was definitely linked up with several towns near by so that its influence was felt almost as much in them as in its own town. Pye's scheme of spreading a net over the province was abundantly justified. Men who seemed untouched by the new Faith had really been powerfully influenced by it, and the men of Shensi were better informed through the activities of those churches than the peasantry of other provinces. And so Chang's lieutenant talked in vain. Shensi would have none of banditry disguised as war. Pye's vision of a new country had come upon the eight million and kept them steady when the very foundations of social life were being shaken elsewhere.

General Feng was sent there as Military Governor in 1921, and from that moment Shensi was safe from the unrest which has paralysed the greater part of China ever since the aftermath of the Revolution. But the man to whom the offi-

cials and merchants give the credit for the peace and safety they have enjoyed is the missionary, Watts Pye.

Saved from the horrors of civil war, another evil now fell upon Shensi and all northern China. Once again the rains failed, the wheat died on the ground, and bitter famine fell upon the land. It did not come suddenly, and the very gradualness of its approach made it the more serious. Wheat that would have meant life for many months was exported from Shansi and Shensi as usual—until there came the realization that stocks were almost exhausted and that there would be no harvest!

Governor Yen, who after twelve years as Civil Administrator of Shansi had won the title of "The Model Governor of China," at once took an unusual step. He had the people graded into four sections: the rich, the well-to-do, the poor, and the destitute. His plan was that the rich should provide for the destitute, and the well-to-do look after the poor. An excellent scheme, but it failed because in a few weeks neither rich nor well-to-do had any grain for themselves or anyone else! North China was starving, and millions were living in the shadow of death.

Those were the conditions which twenty years before had given the Boxers their chance to rouse the people to massacre the foreigners. Watts Pye's district had been the headquarters of the Boxers, from which they had overrun China. But

for fifteen years Pye had been going all over that wild, mountainous district on his long-eared mule, working out his big scheme for China's uplift. He had made scores of thousands of people understand that the foreigner was a friend, not an enemy. So now when famine broke out and the prospects were even more appalling than in 1900, there was no cry of "Kill the 'foreign devils' and exterminate Christianity." Instead, there came an insistent plea to the foreigners to save China in her hour of need.

The missionaries sent out the facts of the case to the whole world, and America, more than any other nation, answered the call. John Earle Baker was sent out as Director of the American Red Cross and proved himself the "Hoover of China." Dollars by the hundreds of thousands came rolling in for the Relief Fund, and with their coming the big problem of administering the relief. Instead of just giving people money, it was wisely decided to give them work by which they could earn enough to buy the food sent out—and that the work should be building the roads Shensi needed so badly.

Today there are two hundred miles of motor roads, properly graded and equipped with culverts and bridges, where for all the unguessed years of China's long history there had never been more than a mule track. Nothing like that construction has ever been known in history. The engineers

who supervised the task were volunteers from oil fields or mining syndicates, missionaries, and Chinese officials. No one man saw the job through from start to finish, but each gave as long as he could be spared from his own duties.

The cost of the roads amounted to one million dollars, and that gigantic sum was paid out under the supervision of Watts Pye and his colleague at Fenchow, Percy Watson. The difficulties of that road-building stagger the imagination when it is remembered that the forty thousand laborers were starving farmers unused to the job, and that the few foreigners in charge were largely missionaries. The road-bed had to be hewn out of the solid rock of the mountain-sides or from ledges of loess, the peculiar formation of a large part of China, built up on the edges of valleys, carried over streams and rivers which were almost dry in summer but were raging torrents in winter.

But, superhuman as the task seemed at its commencement, it was accomplished, and not only has Shensi two hundred miles of splendid motor roads today leading right into the heart of one of the wealthiest parts of the world, but forty thousand men and their families were saved from the long-drawn-out, agonising death of starvation.

Twenty years ago Shansi and Shensi were names that filled the souls of men with horror as they heard of the rain of blood which followed the grim Boxer Uprising. Today they are names

which stir the imagination with the record of what has been done in those few short years. The Boxers thought they had "exterminated Christianity," and now there are a hundred and fifty churches and two hundred preaching places in Shensi alone. Crowds of thousands gather together to meet the man whose dogged, unsparing, tireless energy has brought about the change—Watts O. Pye, the farmer's lanky, red-haired son who dreamed of a college education to fit him for missionary work in China and made his dream come true by the aid of a bucksaw and a spade, and that indomitable will which led him to ride a mule in later years over those thirty thousand square miles of terrible country to make a map of an unknown bit of the globe.

A mule, a map—and a MAN!—and one of the most amazing achievements of the twentieth century!

VIII

THE TORCH RACE

IN the old Greek relay race of the torchbearers the first man in each team held a flaming torch. At the word "Go!" they leaped forward like a flash until each, reaching the next man in his own team, "passed the torch from hand to hand."

We have read in this book true stories of Torchbearers in China, reaching from the old days to the new, even up to the present. They have "passed the torch" from the old to the young in this heroic race to carry the Light of the World into China.

Here at the end of the book we shall stand on a ridge from which we can look out over China and catch swift views, now here and now there, of the wonderful torch relay race that is being run there at this very hour. Because our space is small we can only look at two or three places, and we shall deliberately choose to look, not at the most exciting and thrilling adventures, but at a few of the people—some of them very quiet, simple people—who really matter most in this torch race.

I

An Englishman walked through the gates of the town of Siao Chia Tien, in Central China, one

afternoon in the days before the Boxer rising. The streets were full of the sound of voices, many of them high-pitched and excited.

It was market-day and the Chinese farmers had come in to sell their chickens, their sweet potatoes, cotton cloth, and peanuts, and buy in return candles, tobacco, groceries, and bright-colored coats and shoes to take home to their boys and girls.

The market was, however, just over; and, before starting back to their farms, the men were gossiping over their drink. This drink is a native wine made from millet, as strong as whisky and more fiery because the fusil oil is not extracted. It makes the men quarrelsome and excitable, and often leads to fierce fights.

The Englishman, Mr. C. G. Sparham, at once felt how tense the atmosphere was. He had come to speak to the people some word of the Christian gospel. He knew, however, that this was not the time for it and resolved to walk quietly through the town. He was the first white man who had ever been seen in Siao Chia Tien, and the widespread hate of the white man was beginning to boil up in their drink-inflamed minds.

He had hardly set foot in the main street before a tall man in a long blue silk robe stepped forward and, grabbing him by the collar of his coat, led him ignominiously through the town. The crowd increased every moment. Once outside the North

Gate, the blue-robed man, with a gesture of contempt, bade the stranger begone. The rabble who were following and shouting began to throw heavy clods of earth at him. These hurtled past to right and left. Then a great lump of solid soil came whizzing through the air and smote him on the side of the head and stunned him. The mob, having satisfied its fury, stood back and began to disperse. Mr. Sparham, regaining his sight and strength, journeyed on and, passing from place to place at his work, at last reached his home at Hankow.

Month after month passed by; indeed, two years had gone when word came to Mr. Sparham from that very town of Siao Chia Tien.

It was an invitation! Influential men in that town asked whether he would come and speak to them, setting out the meaning of the Good News that he had two years before entered the town to declare.

So he and a friend and two Chinese Christians set out along the roads to Siao Chia Tien. When they were still some distance from the town, the men who had asked him to come welcomed him with smiles and led him to the apartments they had prepared for him and his friends. Next day they set up a table and seats; and there on the very spot where two years before he had been stoned,—

as St. Paul was stoned from the gates of Lystra,—Mr. Sparham and his helpers spoke with the people as they passed in and out to market. They spoke one after the other all through the day, from eleven o'clock in the morning until the afternoon shadows lengthened, and only ceased when the sun set. At the end of the day they held a short service at which four men of Siao Chia Tien were baptized as Christians.

Among those who became interested was a young Chinese student who, like other Chinese students, was learning the wisdom of Confucius by heart, with all the memorizing of those days. His name was Siao. Not long afterward he made up his mind to become a Christian.

Mr. Sparham greatly liked this young student. Indeed, he felt about him as Paul felt about the youth Timothy who was a boy in Lystra, the city where he had been stoned. He thought how fine a man Siao would be if he were trained in a college so that, when he was older, he might become a preacher of the Good News to men of China. When some time later he asked Siao to come to Hankow to enter the college¹ there as a student, the young man accepted.

"What was it," Mr. Sparham asked, "made you make up your mind to be a Christian?"

¹ The Divinity School, which was later affiliated with Griffith John College, Hankow.

"Well," replied Siao, "my great-uncle is a *chu-jen* (a graduate like our M. A.). He went up to the capital, Peking, to study for a further examination. He lived there for years. When he came back to us in Siao Chia Tien, he said these words, which I have never forgotten: 'If ever a speaker of the Christian religion comes to this town, welcome him and listen to what he says. I have heard much of it in Peking. It is good teaching.'

"I listened and learned the new teaching, and saw that it was good, and have become a Christian."

So clever was this new student and so keen and alert to pass on to others the Light that had been handed to him that he became, first, an evangelist and, later, a tutor in his college. Many of the pastors and evangelists now serving the church in Central China owe much of their knowledge to him.

Mr. Siao was happy in his married life, and his two sons became Christian students. The second son showed marked ability in his studies and also took a good place in football and other games. He developed a strong body, a fresh quick mind, and a clean spirit. When his father asked him what he would like to be, he thought of a number of things, but the idea that held him most of all was to be a doctor. So he went across China eastward to Shantung, and there he became a student in the new medical school of Shantung Christian

University, passing all his examinations, and graduating in 1922.

One evening in that year Mr. Sparham went to Shantung University and sat down with the professors and students and other guests to the first Alumni dinner. The youngest of the graduates at that dinner was young Dr. Siao—still only twenty-six years old.

As Mr. Sparham sat there talking and glancing at the young Chinese doctor, the pictures flashed back into his mind of the gate of Siao Chia Tien, the air thick with flying clods of earth, and the sickening thud on his head; of the preaching outside that gate two years later; of the young student who became a Christian tutor in the Griffith John College. And here was his son, taking up the Torch as it was passed to his hand.

Dr. Siao is now a young doctor in Hankow Mission Hospital, where the Chinese people of that great city and the land round about are healed, and also hear from him the story of the Great Physician.

II

"Ai-yah!"—out of the way—shouts a man pushing a great loaded Chinese wheelbarrow near Shanghai.

He shouts unnecessarily, for, so far from being a silent vehicle, the great wheel of the barrow

sends out a continuous agonizing shriek like a pig caught in a gate.

It is still the gray hour before full dawn, but from all sides there come wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow loaded, not with sacks of flour or with boxes of oranges, but with women and girls. Swiftly the girls are emptied from the barrows on to the ground as the great whistle above the roof of the mill bellows the five o'clock signal.

There is a scurry and flutter as men and women and boys and girls, down even to seven and eight years old, hobble and hurry into the spinning-mill. As they hasten on and get to the whirring machines, others move out; for this is a spinning mill like scores in China—as well as in Japan—where the machines hardly ever stop. By day and by night, from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn again, for seven days a week—for they have no Sunday—all through the year the spindles whirl and whirl to make money for the Japanese and Chinese, American and British owners. From five in the morning till five at night is the shift for these Chinese men and women and boys and girls whom we see coming into the mill. They are working there while you read this, working long hours for a tiny wage, for companies some of which year after year are making as much as a million dollars a year profit on \$900,000 capital.

Another Chinese girl—a young woman—enters the mill, walking freely with unbound feet. She

is on the staff of a great Chinese daily paper with a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million copies a day, the first woman reporter in Chinese journalism.

Her swiftly moving eyes take in the machines, the women standing at them, this one with her baby boy hanging in a wrap across his mother's breast and feeding himself as his mother works. But many of the babies are at home in the little hovels, where a dose of opium has sent the child off into a drugged sleep while the mother works for her few cents through the long day.

The young Chinese woman-visitor goes near to the children. She finds out their ages—this one is nine years old, that one eight, the other only seven and a half. There is a shriek. One little girl has caught her hair in a cog of the unguarded machinery. The machine is stopped for a moment. The child is carried off to the mission hospital with a bad scalp wound,—and another little eight-year-old, who ought to be at play, is put in her place.

Miss Zung Wei Tsung has noted these things and spends hours in making a scientific examination of the whole mill and how it is worked. As she walks away, her heart is heavy for the suffering of these Chinese women and children; but her face is firm and there is a look of almost grim determination in her eye. Joan of Arc was more picturesque riding into battle on her great charger

in her shining armor and with the banners about her; but here is a Chinese Joan of Arc with a dirty slum-ridden factory area as her battlefield, with tens of thousands of children and women as the victims she is to rescue, and with only a fountain pen as her spear. But what a pen!

She returns to her office and there writes for the newspaper the story of what she has seen. It goes the next day into the homes of rich merchants and working men, clerks and shopkeepers, doctors and lawyers, civil servants and missionaries. Some of them become ashamed of these evils, and determine to help her in her fight. Day by day she writes the facts about mill after mill.

Then a high adventure comes. She is asked by the Y.W.C.A., which is fighting splendidly in this campaign for better conditions for factory girls, to sail across the world to the West. She goes to England and there enters the factories in the great cities. Especially she goes to see the welfare work for women and girls at Bournville and Port Sunlight, the Woolwich Cooperative Society, the Savoy Hotel Laundry. She sees the open, airy workrooms, the baths and rest-rooms and games, and watches the English factory girls playing in the tennis-courts and exercising in the gymnasia.

As I listen to her in England talking of these things, she reveals that here is another who is carrying the Torch of a new light into the lives of the women and girls and boys of China, for she

is going back to tell the Chinese people through that great daily paper of a new and better way of running mills.

From England she sails across the narrow gray Channel to France and, traveling across to Switzerland, joins with other women from America and from Japan, from India and Czecho-Slovakia, from Africa and Germany, Spain and South America, in planning how to raise the level of life of the working women of all nations and races. Then she sails back to China.

We ask, however, why it is that this keen-eyed, music-loving, able young Chinese woman-graduate is working with might and main, doing these things.

The answer comes in the story of her life. As a girl she went to an American school, the McTyeire School, in Shanghai. There she caught from the lips of Western women and from their books the love of a Lord who first in all the world set woman upon a high and equal place with man and set a halo round the head of the boy and the girl.

From Shanghai she went to America where she reveled in both studies and games as a student in the Greensboro College for women in North Carolina, and then in Smith College, where she won her degree of B.A. in history.

So, as Miss Zung Wei Tsung and the many other Christian Chinese girl students in economics, in medicine, and in teaching, go about their quiet

daily work, those who have ears to hear and eyes to see know that they are helping to make a new trail. They keep the Torch alight by taking care of the young life of China, protecting and fighting for the boys and girls, teaching and healing them and remembering that before them stands a heroic beckoning Figure who says, "Even as you do it to one of these least, you do it to Me."

III

If we could have circled over China in some swift aeroplane in the spring days of 1922, we should have seen men and women, Chinese and American, English and Scandinavian, coming from every part of the vast republic to Shanghai. Here came a man in a bumping, creaking, bone-racking Peking cart, that was carrying him from his country town to the railway where he found a group of his friends going on the train to the same center. There a party of Chinese and white men were talking together on the deck of a house-boat floating down the long upper reaches of the Yangtze and swirling through its rapids to the steamer at Ichang that bore them eastward to Shanghai. Yonder was a lively group of young Chinese pastors on a coasting steamer.

In these and many other ways twelve hundred men and women, Chinese and Western, came together in one great hall in Shanghai. How Robert Morrison would have glowed and rejoiced if he

could have seen those folk representing the million people of the Christian community in China! We find that more than half of them are Chinese. Let us talk with three or four.

Here is an old bearded pastor with the wrinkles of experience about his wise, kindly, shrewd eyes. As he speaks with you, he will tell of simple people in distant villages who do not know the things men learn in universities and who are very poor; but they are shrewd and good. Boys and girls are writing on slates in a lath-and-mud school. But you will hear a rich note of pride in the old Torch-bearer's voice as he speaks of them, for they are the sheep and lambs of his pasture and he is a good shepherd.

There is a middle-aged sturdy Chinese doctor with the strong, confident, sensitive hands of the surgeon and the keen, penetrating, smiling eyes of the physician. Talk with him and he will make your eyes stare with wonder and shine with admiration as you hear of the men and women nurses and the wards and balconies of the hospital where men and women, boys and girls who would be suffering in awful agony or dying helplessly, are healed and sent home happy. More wonderful still, you hear from him how in the Chinese Medical College of the Shantung Christian University scores of young doctors like himself are being trained to go out into the length and breadth of China.

We must break off, however, for it will not do for us to miss a word with this strong, young, athletic Chinese man straight from the Canton Christian College. He opens an album of pictures that take your breath away—wide campus fields with Chinese boys playing baseball and tennis, laboratories where they learn chemistry, airy classrooms, and a fine gymnasium. And you learn of young scholars and athletes who are able to jump or run or play a team-game, grapple with mathematics or Bible problems or history with the cleverest boys in any land in the world.

So we could go to hundreds of these men and women who have taken up in their hands the flaming Torch and, talking with them, one by one, find the wonder of the men and women, boys and girls, who today are the Christian Torchbearers in China.

We must be silent, however. The time has come when these men and women are to talk together about the work they still have to do if ever China is to be a Christian land. This is a meeting of all the Christian forces¹ in China, missionaries from the West and Chinese Christians from the East; the finest brains, the richest experience, the deepest devotion, the most flaming daring, the most learned scholarship, the simplest, most childlike trust—all are here.

It would be a great thing to be the leader of so

¹ Non-Roman Catholic.

wonderful a force as this—and help forward the relay race of this new team on whom the future of China depends. Whom will they elect to lead them in their Conference as their Chairman?

A young-looking, sturdy man with kindly, quiet, twinkling eyes, an air of strength in his wide shoulders and an air of wisdom and dignity in his broad, high brow, Dr. Cheng Ching-yi takes the chair. It is today in this nation-wide conference a Chinese, and not a Western leader, who is elected and hailed as the guide. And he is elected by all, Western and Eastern, unanimously, as their head. And this is right. For there is in the real Church, as Jesus Christ wills it to be, no East or West. It is one Church.

What, then, is Dr. Cheng Ching-yi's story?

In his veins runs the blood of the two great races of China—the Manchu and the Chinese. His father was a Manchu; his mother Chinese.

As a boy Cheng Ching-yi grew up and studied in the great capital, Peking, and then went to the college at Tungchow, a small city some fifteen miles from Peking. There he played the games of the college on the campus,—which covers about a hundred acres,—studied in the classrooms, and worshiped in the college chapel.

The first great venture of his life came when one of the finest Chinese scholars of his time, Rev. George Owen—who was, more than a hundred years later, perfecting the work that Robert Morri-

son had begun by aiding in the re-translating of the New Testament—had to go back to England for his health. He asked if the young and brilliant student, Cheng Ching-yi, could go with him. So Cheng sailed across the oceans round the world on that great voyage, until he set foot for the first time on the soil of England. As a result of this experience, two things that have made all the difference in the rest of his life happened. First, he became, through his work with Mr. Owen, one of the purest speakers of Chinese—his own tongue—and one of the best Chinese speakers in the English language; and, second, he learned to know every page of his New Testament.

When that work was finished, he went north to Glasgow to have further training there for being a pastor in China. I shall never forget meeting him at that time in Scotland in the great hall in Edinburgh to which men and women had come from every land in all the world to discuss the whole world's missionary work.¹ He stood there to speak about the Church in China. In a speech that lasted less than seven minutes, he made seven different points with wonderful skill and power and was hailed by those two thousand folk as the very athlete of China's new young race of Torchbearers.

In the years that have followed, he has leaped on from strength to strength in wonderful ways

¹ The Edinburgh World Conference, 1910.

that we cannot here describe, and has led many more young Chinese to come into the great race of Torchbearers.

As we watch Cheng Ching-yi leading those men and women in the great hall in Shanghai; as we see them all going by a score of ways—by river, rail, and road—back to their places in the vast field of China, let us remember the schoolboys told about at the beginning of this book, as they stood up after the bandits' bullets had passed.

Those boys wondered how the great ancient China that they were so proud of can ever become as glorious as she ought to be and can be.

Here is the secret of new life for old China.

Broken she is today, with civil war between the fierce swashbuckling generals. She is harried by the cruel banditti; she is cheated by ten thousand selfish mandarins.

Is there any cure?

Yes, she can become one nation again, united as one of the greatest peoples on all the earth. When she does so, she will be one of the greatest powers for good in all the world. She can be that when she has millions of men and women, boys and girls who are true and straight, who are strong in body, swift and honest in mind, pure in spirit. The secret of a new China lies in taking to all her people Jesus Christ, and letting Him make the new leaders who will create the new China.

What a gorgeous torch race it has been! But how much more splendid it is to be!

From Morrison on the very doorstep, hammering at the closed door of China and watching it swing slowly open, we have seen the Torchbearers pass, racing all across her splendid plains and mountains, to Shelton, on her farthest frontier, hammering there at the closed, yet now slowly opening, doors of Tibet; while Chinese like Miss Zung and Dr. Cheng and ten thousand others carry the Light to the very homes of their own people.

We have watched

. . . the race of hero-spirits
Pass the torch from hand to hand.

I think that the next two lines of that poem are going to be just as true about each of us who belong to the new generation. They are true of each of us and of our young Chinese brothers and sisters:

He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

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